

THE COMIC MAGAZINE THAT DARED TO BE DIFFERENT!

PDC

No. 38

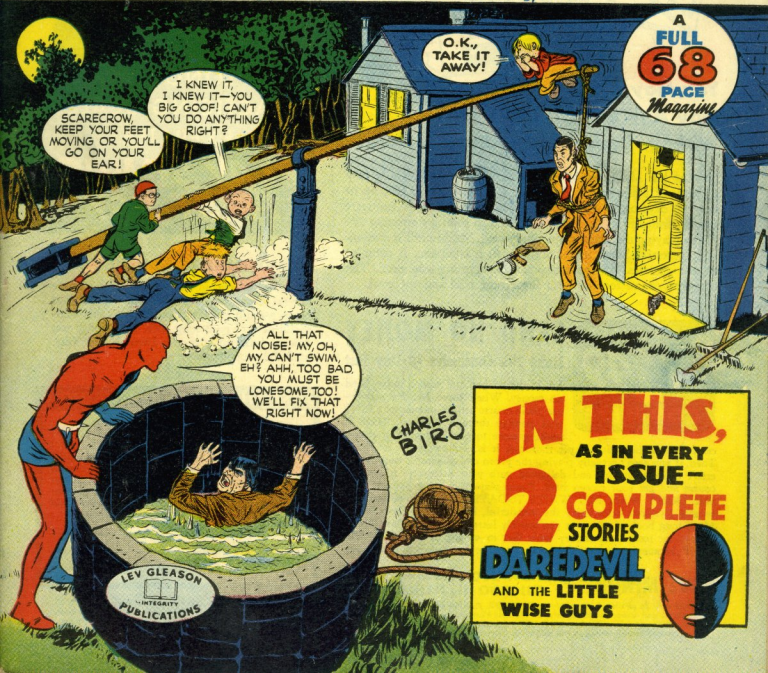
DAREDEVIL



10¢

The Greatest in Comics

LEV GLEASON, PUBLISHER • CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS



SCARECROW, KEEP YOUR FEET MOVING OR YOU'LL GO ON YOUR EAR!

I KNEW IT, I KNEW IT—YOU BIG GOOF! CAN'T YOU DO ANYTHING RIGHT?

O.K., TAKE IT AWAY!

A FULL 68 PAGE Magazine

ALL THAT NOISE! MY, OH, MY, CAN'T SWIM, EH? AH, TOO BAD YOU MUST BE LONESOME, TOO! WE'LL FIX THAT RIGHT NOW!

CHARLES BIRO

LEV GLEASON PUBLICATIONS

IN THIS,
AS IN EVERY ISSUE—
2 COMPLETE STORIES
DAREDEVIL
AND THE **LITTLE WISE GUYS**





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DAREDEVIL

story by
CHARLES
BIRO

and the LITTLE WISE GUYS

THE CRIMINAL ALWAYS SCREAMS LOUDEST FOR A SQUARE DEAL, YET HE NEVER GAVE HIMSELF A SQUARE DEAL MUCH LESS HIS FELLOWMEN! HE LAUGHS AT US SQUARE SHOOTING, FAIR PLAYING CITIZENS, AND CALLS US NAMES SUCH AS "ALICES," "BOOBS," "FLATHEADS," "PIGS," "ROACHES," "MONKEYS," "CLOWNS," "SUCKERS," "CHUMPS," "GOOFERS," "FISHES," "LAMBS," "LOBSTERS," "EASY MARKS," "PATSY'S," "GLASS-JAWS," "PUSH-OVERS," "SET-UPS," AND "SOFT TOUCHES." THESE WORDS COME FROM AN AUTHENTIC UNDERWORLD DICTIONARY!

ALL CRIMINALS SPEND THEIR LIVES LAUGHING AND SNEERING AT US, BUT WHEN THEY ARE CAUGHT, THEY WANT A SQUARE DEAL, AND A BREAK; AN EASY RAP! THIS **DAREDEVIL** STORY WILL SHOW YOU WHO THE SUCKER REALLY IS!

Charles Biro



WANT ME TO STICK AROUND? THESE DEATH-HOUSE BIRDS GO A LITTLE OFF-THEIR ROCKERS ON THE LAST DAY SOME-SOMETIMES! HE MIGHT GIVE YOU A LITTLE TROUBLE!

THAT'S ALRIGHT! I'M NOT AFRAID! YOU CAN COME BACK IN HALF AN HOUR!



WELL, SON, I'M GLAD TO HEAR YOU DECIDED TO REPENT YOUR SINS!



EVERYTHING'S ALL SET, MONK! JUST THE WAY YOU ORDERED IT!

NICE GOIN', LIPPY! IT'S GOTTA WORK! HURRY UP WITH THEM CLOTHES!



LET'S NOT GET NERVOUS! THE GUARD WON'T BE BACK FOR AWHILE YET! WHAT I'M WORRIED ABOUT IS FROM THAT POINT ON!

NO USE WORRYIN'! TILL THE TIME COMES!



OH, GUARD, YOU'D BETTER COME AND TAKE A LOOK AT MONK! HE'S JUST COLLAPSED!

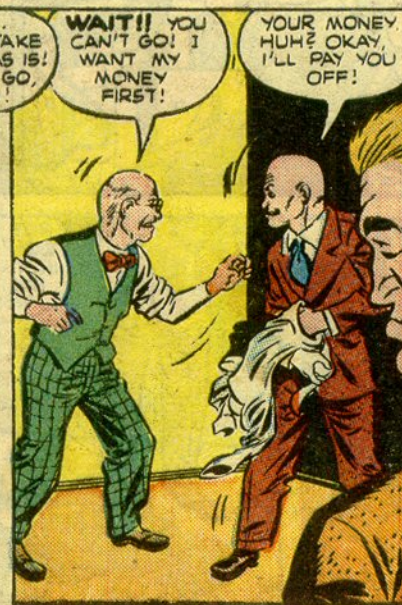
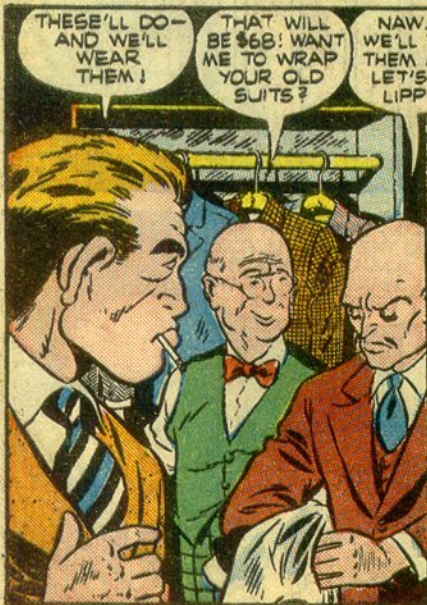
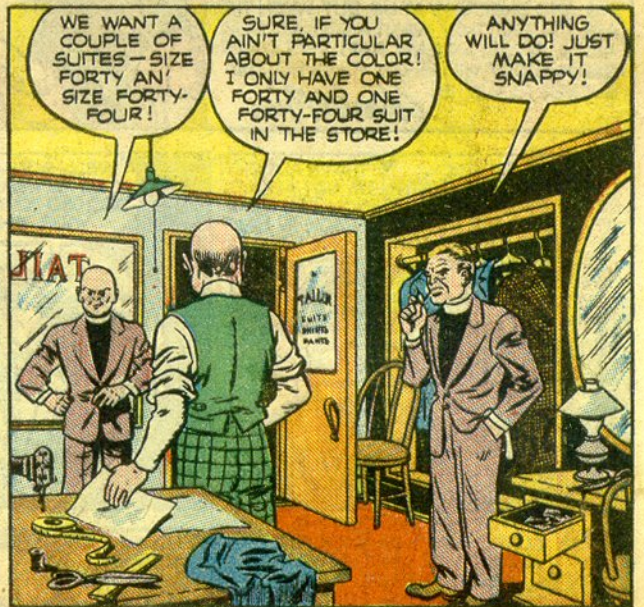
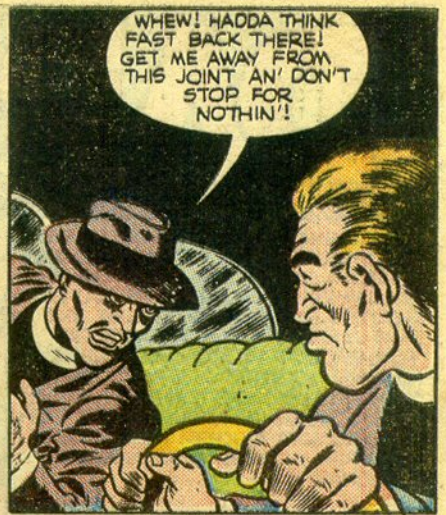
COLLAPSED? I'LL BE RIGHT WITH YOU, REVEREND!

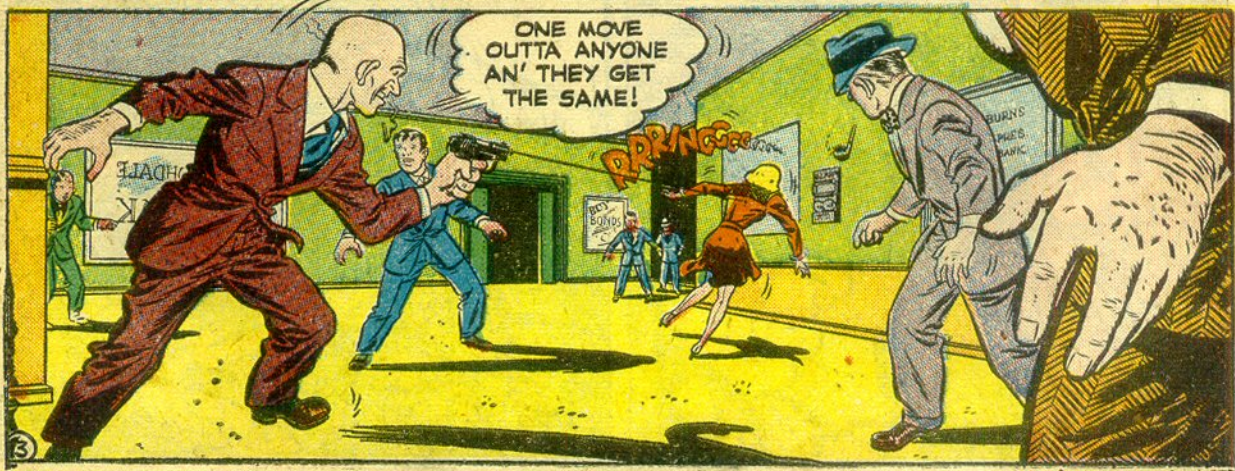
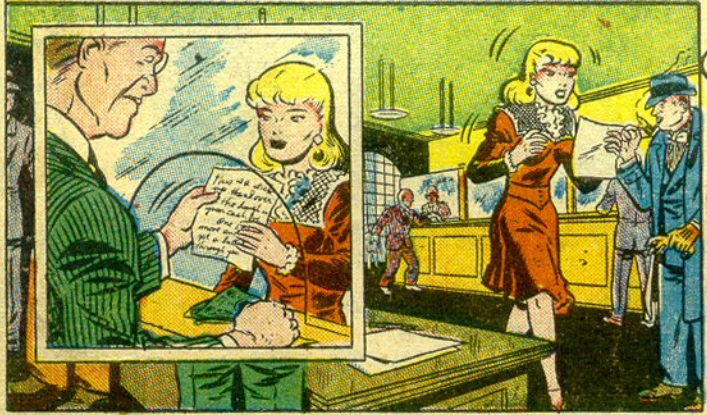
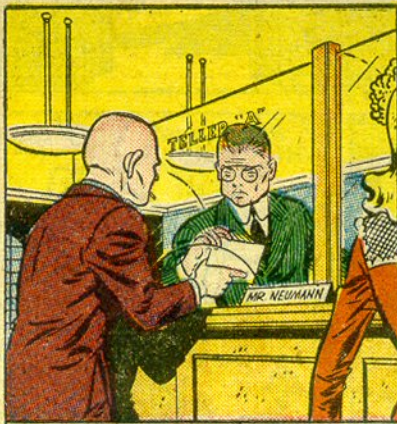


HEY, MONK! SNAP OUTTA IT!!

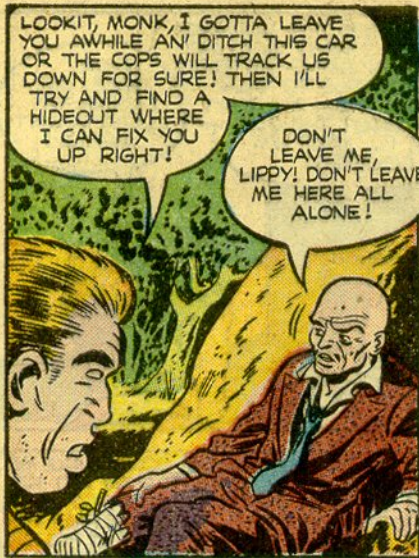


NICE GOIN', LIPPY! NOW GET GOIN' TO THE CAR! I'LL FOLLOW IN TWO MINUTES! HAVE THE ENGINE WARMED UP SO WE WON'T WASTE NO TIME!









LOOKIT, MONK, I GOTTA LEAVE YOU AWHILE AN' DITCH THIS CAR OR THE COPS WILL TRACK US DOWN FOR SURE! THEN I'LL TRY AND FIND A HIDEOUT WHERE I CAN FIX YOU UP RIGHT!

DON'T LEAVE ME, LIPPY! DON'T LEAVE ME HERE ALL ALONE!



I GOTTA DO IT, MONK! ONLY I AIN'T DITCHIN' YA! HONEST, I AIN'T! YOU'RE SAFE HERE... NOBODY'LL EVER FIND YOU!

S'POSE YA CAN'T FIND YER WAY BACK? I'LL LIE HERE AN' STARVE TO DEATH!



KEEP AWAY FROM ME OR I'LL SHOOT!

IT'S ME, LIPPY!

RUSTLE
RUSTLE



I GOT A SWELL HIDEOUT FOR US—AN OLD FARM WAY OFFA THE HIGHWAY...AN OLD HICK LIVES THERE ALONE... AN' I LEFT THE CAR SO FAR FROM HERE THE LAW WILL NEVER FIND US!



YA GOTTA HELP US! MY FRIEND JUST GOT HIS FOOT CAUGHT IN A BEAR TRAP!

BRING HIM IN! A BEAR TRAP YOU SAY?



LUCKY YA GOT A FIRE GOIN'! I CAN CAUTERIZE THAT LEG AN' FIX HIM UP!

CAUTERIZE IT?? GOOD HEAVENS, THIS MAN NEEDS A DOCTOR! A BEAR TRAP DID THIS? I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!



DON'T USE THIS MUCH, BUT I'LL SWITCH IT ON...MAY KEEP HIS MIND OFF THE PAIN!

NO! DON'T!

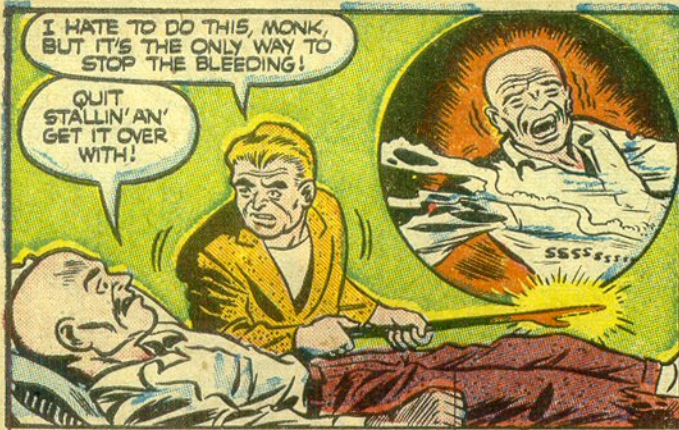
...BE ON LOOK OUT FOR DANGEROUS BANK ROBBER WITH AN AMPUTATED FOOT INJURED WHEN ESCAPING FROM LARCHDALE NATIONAL BANK AFTER SHOOTING GIRL EMPLOYEE...



SO THAT'S...

OKAY, GRANDPOP! NOW YA KNOW! I'D AS SOON KNOCK YOU OFF— ONLY I NEED SOME HELP! COME ON NOW AND LEND A HAND! I GOTTA FIX THAT STUMP!





I HATE TO DO THIS, MONK, BUT IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO STOP THE BLEEDING!

QUIT STALLIN' AN' GET IT OVER WITH!



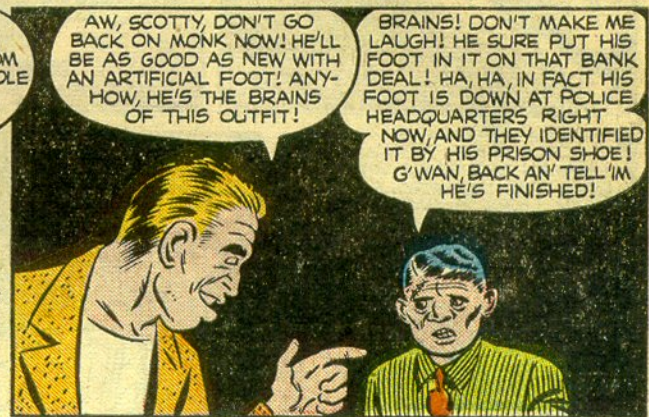
I FEEL BETTER THIS MORNING! NOW LISTEN, I WANT YA TO GET THE BOYS AN' BRING 'EM HERE! I GOT BUSINESS TO TALK OVER WITH THEM! AN' DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE OLD GUY, I'LL KEEP HIM COVERED!

OKAY, BOSS! ONLY I THINK YA OUGHT TA WAIT AWHILE!



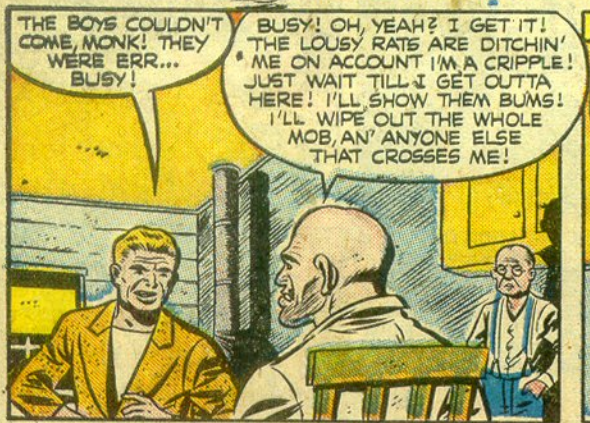
SO, MONK WANTS YOU GUYS TO COME BACK WITH ME!

HA, HA, THAT'S FUNNY! LOOK, MONK'S ALL WASHED UP, SEE? AN' I AIN'T TAKIN' ORDERS FROM NO CRIPPLES! HE CAN GO PEDDLE PENCILS FOR ALL I CARE! FROM NOW ON, I'M HEADIN' THIS MOB!



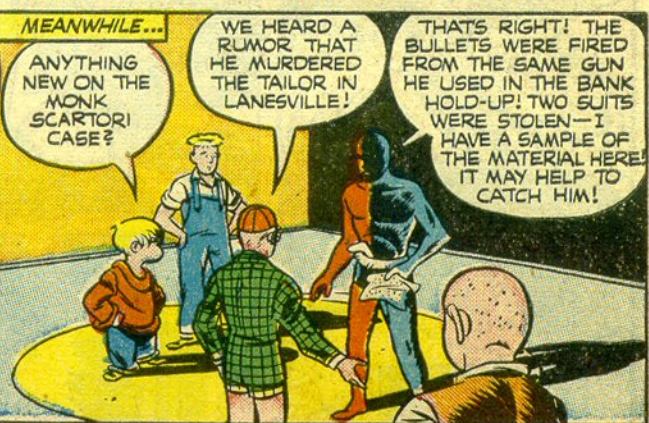
AW, SCOTTY, DON'T GO BACK ON MONK NOW! HE'LL BE AS GOOD AS NEW WITH AN ARTIFICIAL FOOT! ANYHOW, HE'S THE BRAINS OF THIS OUTFIT!

BRAINS! DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH! HE SURE PUT HIS FOOT IN IT ON THAT BANK DEAL! HA, HA, IN FACT HIS FOOT IS DOWN AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS RIGHT NOW, AND THEY IDENTIFIED IT BY HIS PRISON SHOE! G'WAN, BACK AN' TELL 'M HE'S FINISHED!



THE BOYS COULDN'T COME, MONK! THEY WERE ERR... BUSY!

BUSY! OH, YEAH? I GET IT! THE LOUSY RATS ARE DITCHIN' ME ON ACCOUNT I'M A CRIPPLE! JUST WAIT TILL I GET OUTTA HERE! I'LL SHOW THEM BUMS! I'LL WIPE OUT THE WHOLE MOB, AN' ANYONE ELSE THAT CROSSES ME!

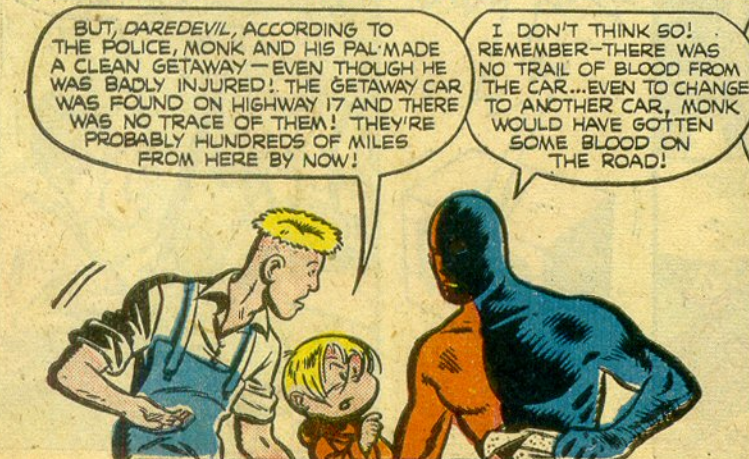


MEANWHILE...

ANYTHING NEW ON THE MONK SCARTORI CASE?

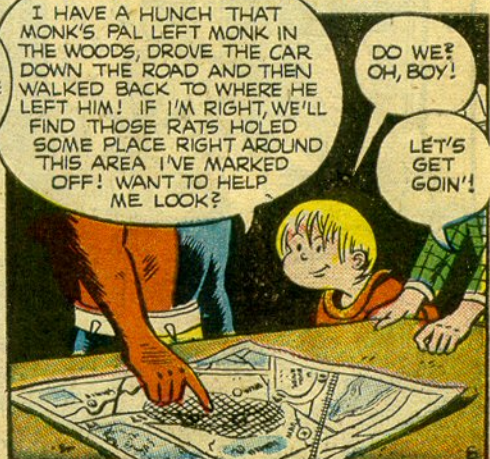
WE HEARD A RUMOR THAT HE MURDERED THE TAILOR IN LANESVILLE!

THAT'S RIGHT! THE BULLETS WERE FIRED FROM THE SAME GUN HE USED IN THE BANK HOLD-UP! TWO SUITS WERE STOLEN—I HAVE A SAMPLE OF THE MATERIAL HERE! IT MAY HELP TO CATCH HIM!



BUT, DAREDEVIL, ACCORDING TO THE POLICE, MONK AND HIS PAL MADE A CLEAN GETAWAY—EVEN THOUGH HE WAS BADLY INJURED! THE GETAWAY CAR WAS FOUND ON HIGHWAY 17 AND THERE WAS NO TRACE OF THEM! THEY'RE PROBABLY HUNDREDS OF MILES FROM HERE BY NOW!

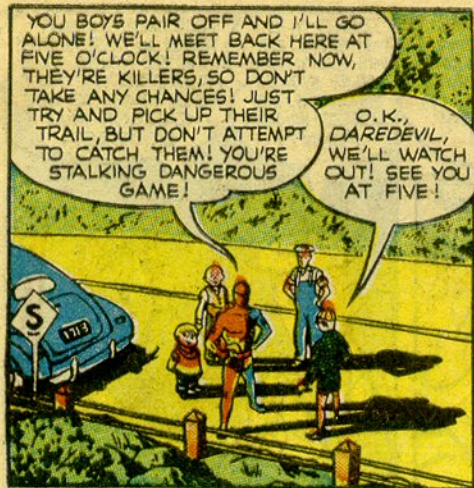
I DON'T THINK SO! REMEMBER—THERE WAS NO TRAIL OF BLOOD FROM THE CAR...EVEN TO CHANGE TO ANOTHER CAR, MONK WOULD HAVE GOTTEN SOME BLOOD ON THE ROAD!



I HAVE A HUNCH THAT MONK'S PAL LEFT MONK IN THE WOODS, DROVE THE CAR DOWN THE ROAD AND THEN WALKED BACK TO WHERE HE LEFT HIM! IF I'M RIGHT, WE'LL FIND THOSE RATS HOLED SOME PLACE RIGHT AROUND THIS AREA I'VE MARKED OFF! WANT TO HELP ME LOOK?

DO WE? OH, BOY!

LET'S GET GOIN'!



YOU BOYS PAIR OFF AND I'LL GO ALONE! WE'LL MEET BACK HERE AT FIVE O'CLOCK! REMEMBER NOW, THEY'RE KILLERS, SO DON'T TAKE ANY CHANCES! JUST TRY AND PICK UP THEIR TRAIL, BUT DON'T ATTEMPT TO CATCH THEM! YOU'RE STALKING DANGEROUS GAME!

O.K., DAREDEVIL, WE'LL WATCH OUT! SEE YOU AT FIVE!



NOT A SINGLE CLUE! I THINK DAREDEVIL'S HUNCH WAS WRONG THIS TIME!

IT'S NEARLY FIVE! WE'D BETTER HEAD BACK AND SEE HOW THE OTHERS MADE OUT!



NO LUCK, DAREDEVIL! HOW ABOUT YOU?

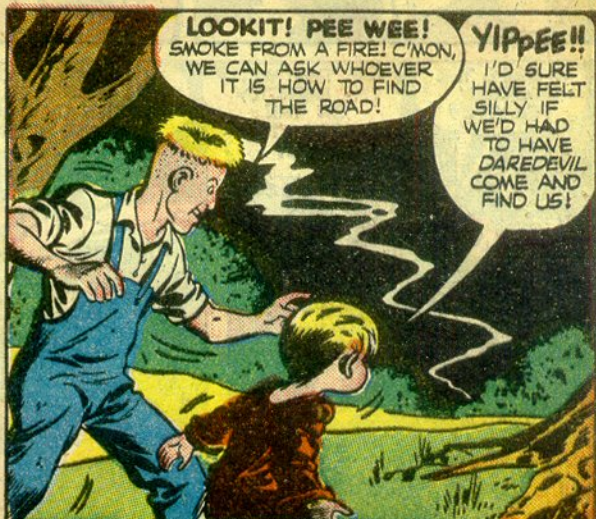
WHERE'S PEE WEE AND SCARECROW?

DIDN'T FIND A THING! I HOPE PEE WEE AND SCARECROW AREN'T LOST! WE'LL GIVE THEM ANOTHER HALF HOUR BEFORE WE START HUNTING FOR THEM!



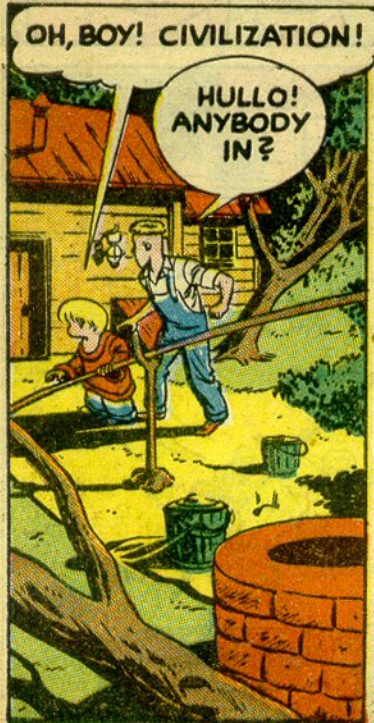
GEE, WE OUGHTTA BE BACK TO THE ROAD BY NOW! I'M KINDA AFRAID WE'RE L...LOST!

(GULP) D'YA THINK SO? OH, WELL, DAREDEVIL WILL COME AND FIND US!



LOOKIT! PEE WEE! SMOKE FROM A FIRE! C'MON, WE CAN ASK WHOEVER IT IS HOW TO FIND THE ROAD!

YIPPEE!! I'D SURE HAVE FELT SILLY IF WE'D HAD TO HAVE DAREDEVIL COME AND FIND US!



OH, BOY! CIVILIZATION!

HULLO! ANYBODY IN?



HI, MISTER! WE GOT LOST IN THE WOODS! CAN YA TELL US HOW TO FIND THE HIGHWAY?

AND GIVE US A DRINK OF WATER, MAYBE? (ULP!)

JUST FOLLOW THE PATH BY THE STONE WALL AND YOU'LL COME TO THE ROAD! IT'S ABOUT A MILE! THERE'S WATER IN THE WELL! HELP YOURSELVES AN' THEN BEAT IT!



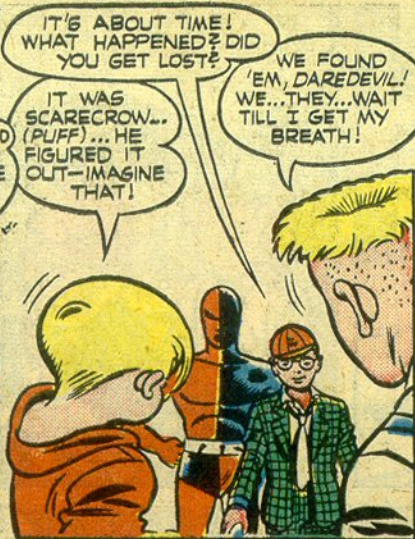
HEY! SCARECROW, WHAT ABOUT A DRINK? I'M THIRSTY!

THE HECK WITH THAT! WE GOTTA GET BACK!



MAYBE YOU DIDN'T NOTICE IT, BUT THAT GUY'S SUIT WAS OF THE SAME MATERIAL AS DAREDEVIL'S SAMPLE! THAT'S MONK'S HIDE-OUT!

SCARECROW, YOU'RE GETTIN' SMART IN YOUR OLD AGE! I DIDN'T NOTICE-I MIGHT'VE GIVEN MYSELF AWAY!



IT'S ABOUT TIME! WHAT HAPPENED? DID YOU GET LOST?

IT WAS SCARECROW... (PUFF)... HE FIGURED IT OUT-IMAGINE THAT!

WE FOUND 'EM, DAREDEVIL! WE...THEY...WAIT TILL I GET MY BREATH!



...AND THE MATERIAL OF HIS SUIT WAS THE SAME! BESIDES, HE ACTED KINDA FUNNY!

NICE GOING! BUT HERE IS THE HITCH! THOSE MUGS ARE ARMED TO THE TEETH! WE'LL HAVE TO USE CAUTION AND STRATEGY!



WHERE'S THE DOORWAY, PEE, WEE?

SEE THAT WELL? IT'S DIRECTLY ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE!



I'VE GOT A SCHEME! SEE THAT WELL SWEEP? HERE'S MY IDEA! PAY CLOSE ATTENTION!

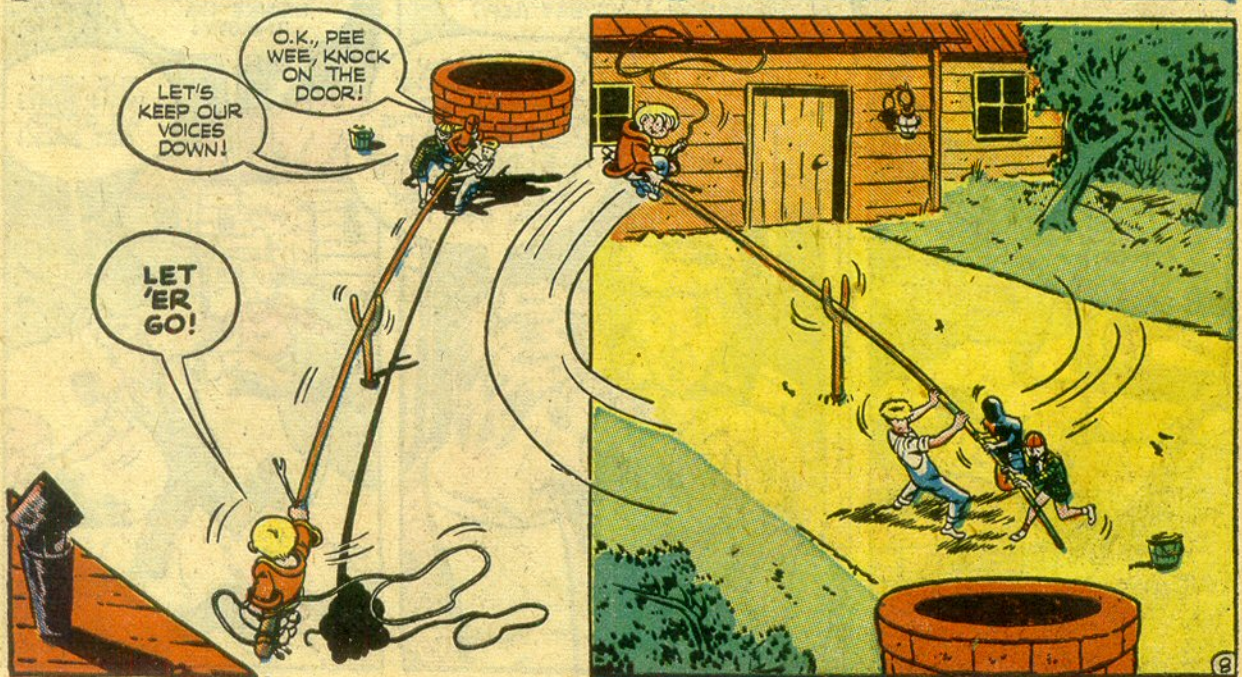


I GOT A SWELL PIECE OF ROPE DAREDEVIL! IT'S JUST THE THING!

THE SWEEP IS JUST THE RIGHT LENGTH!

KEEP LOW, WISE GUYS!

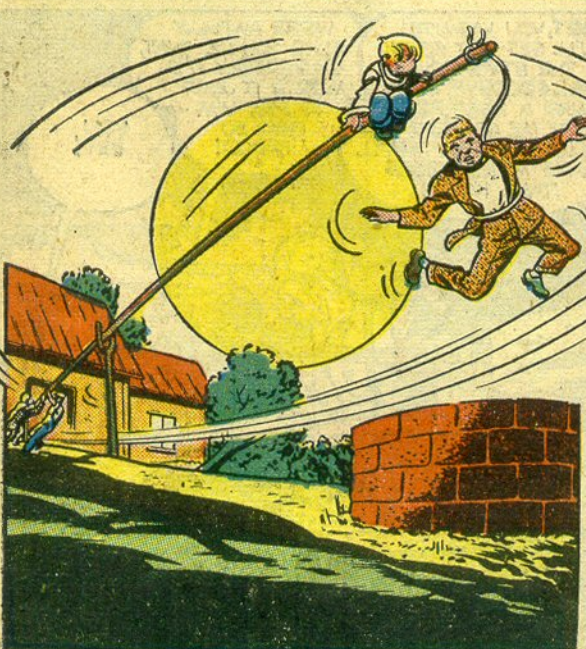
I UNHOOKED THE PAIL!

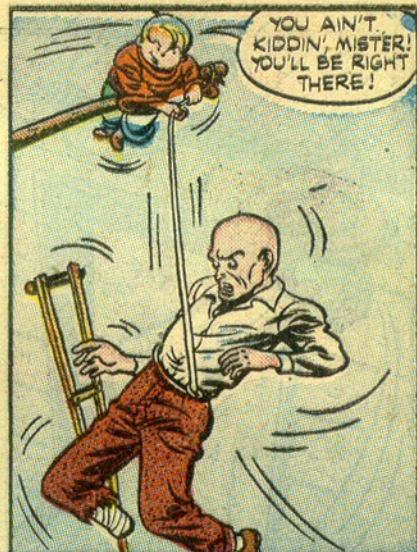
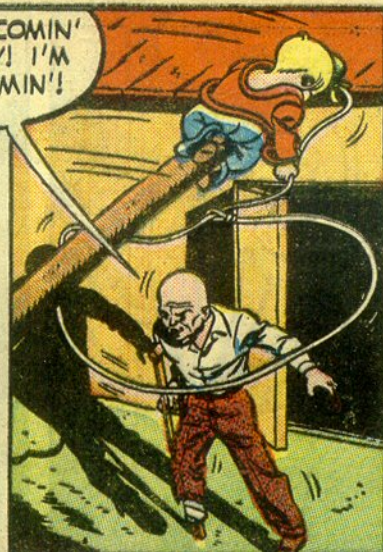


LET'S KEEP OUR VOICES DOWN!

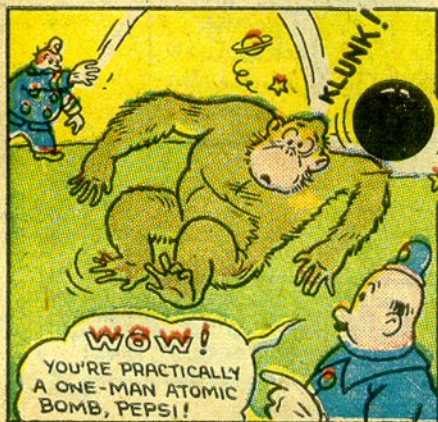
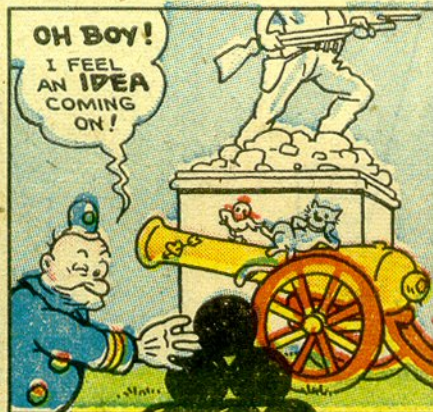
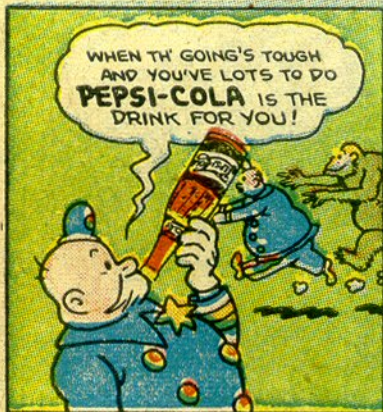
O.K., PEE WEE, KNOCK ON THE DOOR!

LET 'ER GO!





"PEPSI" ... THE PEPSI-COLA CO.



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GRAHAM HUNTER

YOU ASKED FOR IT!

AND HERE IT IS! THE HUNDREDS OF "WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND" LETTERS SPOKE FOR MANY THOUSANDS WHO DID NOT WRITE THEIR DESIRES FOR THIS DAREDEVIL REVIVAL, BUT SURELY MUST HAVE YEARNED FOR IT!

April 21, 1946
Dear Sirs;
How did Bart Hill
become Dare Devil
Basil Burrell
131 Mortimer St. S.E.
Atlanta 1, Ga.

April 22, 1946
Dear Sirs,
how did Dare Devil
start to fight Crime.
Truly yours,
Tommy Hatchell
133 Mortimer St. S.E.
ATLANTA 1, Ga.

Dear Sirs:
When Daredevil was young, was he athletic
and athletic like he is now? How did he
learn to throw his boomerangs? And that
costume, what is it made of, where'd he get
it, and what for? How about drawing
a story that will satisfy my curiosity?
Yours Truly,
Arthur Levine

16 Princeton St.
Crown, N. J.
April 25, 1946
Wouldn't it be a good idea for
you to reprint the original
stories of how Daredevil came
to be? It would help us readers
to become more familiar with
Daredevil.
Yours truly,
Jimmy Cox

April 21, 1946
Dear Mr. Biro
When your story, "How
Daredevil came to be" was
printed, I was too young to
read comic books. I tried
to find that book among my
friends, but they didn't have
it. Would you please print
it again?
Your fan,
Arthur Farrell

Dear Editors -
The story of how Daredevil
became will always remain in
my memory, but I would never
forget the name. Would you
please publish that story?
Thanks,
Bobby Mills

ntion
mont
1946
Please print "How
Daredevil came to be"
over again. All my
friends think you
should do this
Truly yours
Mary Whelan

Boon
April 10, 1946
Dear Sirs -
If you draw a whole
book on how Daredevil
became himself, I
will buy it.
Thanks,
Jack De Lucia
P.S. Or print one story
how he started.

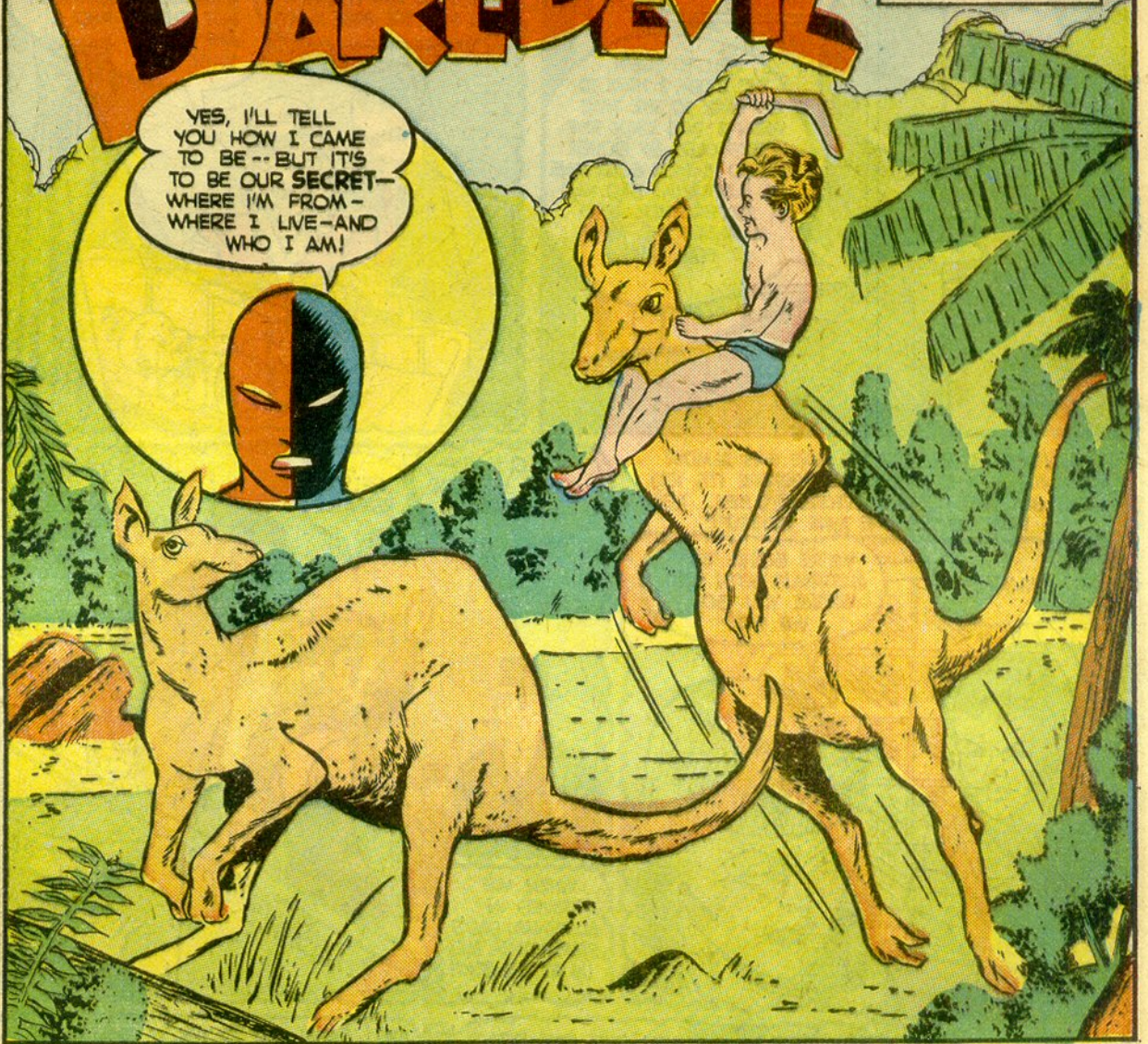
THIS IS HOW DAREDEVIL CAME TO BE!!

WE HAVE REPRINTED IT FROM THE ORIGINAL STORY IN 'DAREDEVIL COMICS,' AUGUST, 1943!

DAREDEVIL

Story and Art
by CHARLES
BIRO

YES, I'LL TELL
YOU HOW I CAME
TO BE -- BUT IT'S
TO BE OUR SECRET--
WHERE I'M FROM--
WHERE I LIVE--AND
WHO I AM!



SO YOU WANT TO HEAR
HOW I BECAME DARE-
DEVIL AND WHY I
WEAR THIS COSTUME!

AN' WILL
YOU TELL WHO
YOU REALLY
ARE?

AN' HOW ABOUT
LETTIN' US SEE
WHAT YOU LOOK
LIKE WITHOUT
YOUR COSTUME?

YEAH!
COME ON,
DAREDEVIL,
TELL US!



SURE, IF YOU THINK YOU CAN STAND THE
SHOCK! NO...ON SECOND THOUGHT I'LL
WAIT UNTIL AFTER I'VE TOLD THE STORY!
BUT REMEMBER, THIS IS JUST BETWEEN
OURSELVES!





WELL, TO BEGIN THE STORY, I HAVE TO GO BACK TO THE TIME WHEN I WAS ONLY FIVE WEEKS OLD! MY FATHER OWNED A RICH GOLD MINE IN AUSTRALIA! DAD HAD A STEPBROTHER WHO MANAGED THE MINE FOR HIM!



"BUT AT THAT TIME, HIS STEPBROTHER WROTE HIM, ALL THE GOLD IN THE OLD VEINS OF THE MINE WAS EXHAUSTED AND NO NEW VEIN COULD BE FOUND!"

I HATE HAVING TO GO TO AUSTRALIA AND LEAVING YOU AND THE BABY, MARY!

YOU'VE GOT TO GO, DEAR! BUSINESS IS BUSINESS! BUT JUNIOR AND I ARE GOING WITH YOU!

"HE ADVISED FATHER THAT THE MINE WAS ALMOST WORTHLESS AND HE SHOULD SELL BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!" BUT DAD DECIDED BEFORE HE'D SELL HE'D HAVE TO SEE THE MINE HIMSELF!"



WHAT!

WE'RE GOING TO AUSTRALIA WITH YOU! WHERE YOU GO, WE GO!



HELLO, MARY-JOHN! WELCOME TO AUSTRALIA!

HELLO, EDGAR!

WHEN WE ARRIVED IN AUSTRALIA, DAD'S STEPBROTHER MET US AT THE BOAT!

"UP TO THIS POINT MY DAD HAD NO REASON TO SUSPECT THAT EDGAR WANTED THAT MINE FOR HIMSELF! MY FATHER TRUSTED YOU UNTIL YOU MADE A SLIP! THEN ALL HELL BROKE LOOSE!"



BUT A MINE JUST DOESN'T GO DEAD OVERNIGHT, EDGAR!

WELL, THIS ONE DID! I TELL YOU IT'S A WASTE OF MONEY TO KEEP IT GOING!

WE'LL DRIVE OUT TO THE MINE IN THE MORNING IF THAT'S ALL RIGHT WITH YOU!

THAT'LL BE FINE, EDGAR! I'D LIKE TO SEE IT AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!



THE DYNAMITE'S ALL SET FOR YOU TO SAY THE WORD!

O.K. GO CLEAR THE MEN OUT OF THE MINE!



I WISH YOU HADN'T INSISTED ON BRINGING JUNIOR ALONG!

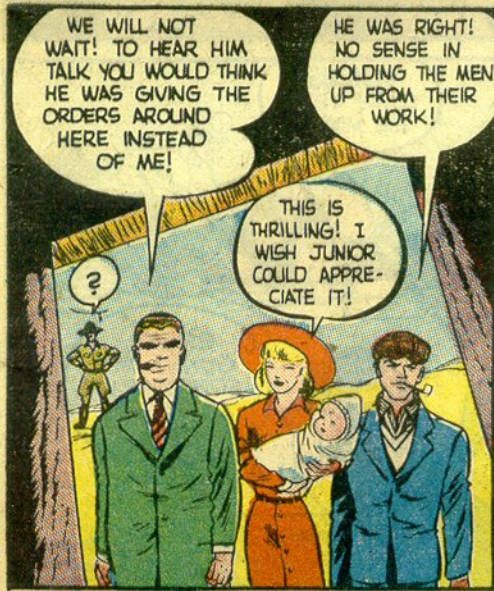
OH, THE AIR WILL DO HIM GOOD! BESIDES, THE MINE WILL BE HIS SOME DAY!



SORRY, BOSS! NO ONE CAN GO IN NOW! WE'RE ALREADY TO BLAST!

WELL, DON'T UNTIL WE COME OUT! THIS IS MR. HILL, THE OWNER OF THE MINE!

OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT! WE CAN WAIT!



WE WILL NOT WAIT! TO HEAR HIM TALK YOU WOULD THINK HE WAS GIVING THE ORDERS AROUND HERE INSTEAD OF ME!

HE WAS RIGHT! NO SENSE IN HOLDING THE MEN UP FROM THEIR WORK!

THIS IS THRILLING! I WISH JUNIOR COULD APPRECIATE IT!



DON'T STRAY TOO FAR, MARY! I KIND OF THINK YOU'D BETTER GO BACK! IT MIGHT NOT BE SAFE HERE WITH THE BABY!

YOU'RE RIGHT! I'LL GO BACK!

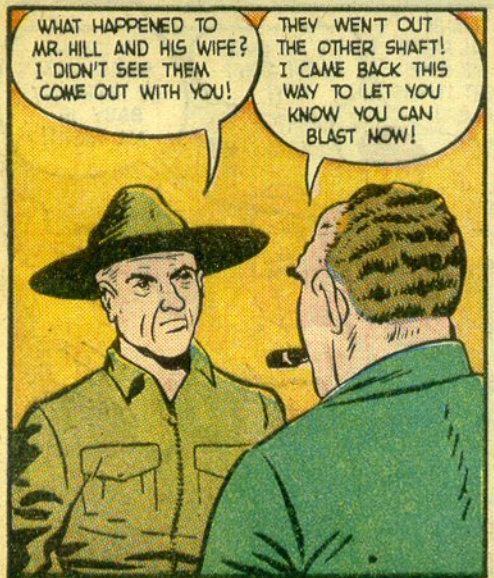
YOU'RE SAFER HERE THAN ON THE STREETS OF AMERICA!



OH, THE LIGHTS!

WHAT THE DEVIL!

IT'S NOTHING! A FUSE BLEW OUT! I KNOW MY WAY AROUND! I'LL GET ANOTHER! YOU FOLKS STAY PUT SO YOU DON'T TRIP!



WHAT HAPPENED TO MR. HILL AND HIS WIFE? I DIDN'T SEE THEM COME OUT WITH YOU!

THEY WENT OUT THE OTHER SHAFT! I CAME BACK THIS WAY TO LET YOU KNOW YOU CAN BLAST NOW!



HEY, TOM! LET 'ER BLOW!



OF ALL THE BLASTED TIMES FOR A FUSE TO BLOW OUT! WITH YOU AND THE BABY DOWN HERE!. I THINK I'LL GO SEE WHAT'S KEEPING EDGAR!

OH, NO, JOHN, DON'T LEAVE ME ALONE HERE! I'D BE TOO AFRAID!

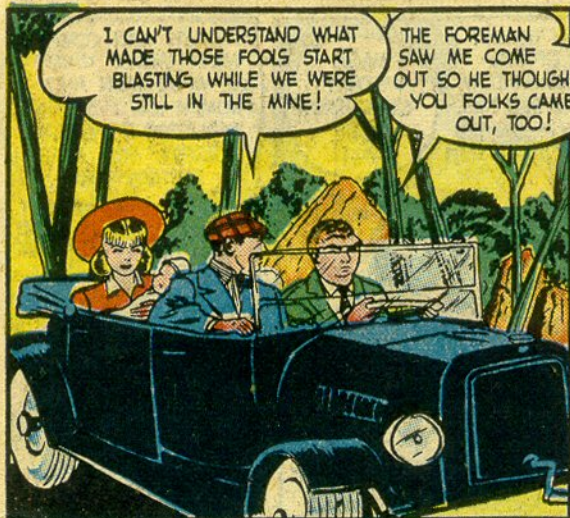


GREAT GUNS! MY STEPBROTHER WAS STILL IN THE MINE!



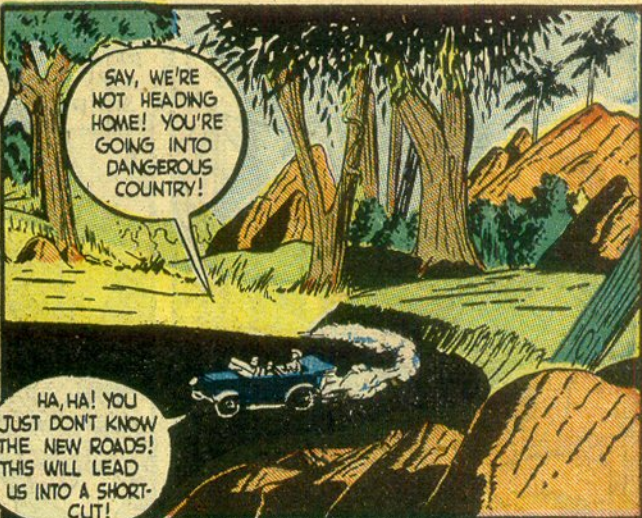
IT'S ALL OVER, MARY! DON'T CRY!

I'M CRYING BECAUSE I'M SO HAPPY MY BABY IS ALL RIGHT!



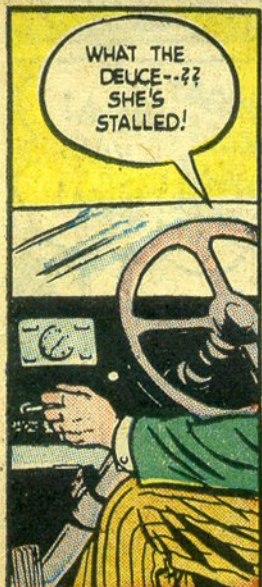
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT MADE THOSE FOOLS START BLASTING WHILE WE WERE STILL IN THE MINE!

THE FOREMAN SAW ME COME OUT SO HE THOUGHT YOU FOLKS CAME OUT, TOO!



SAY, WE'RE NOT HEADING HOME! YOU'RE GOING INTO DANGEROUS COUNTRY!

HA, HA! YOU JUST DON'T KNOW THE NEW ROADS! THIS WILL LEAD US INTO A SHORT-CUT!



WHAT THE DEUCE--?? SHE'S STALLED!



HOW'S THE TANK?

DRY AS A BONE! BUT DON'T WORRY, FOLKS! I'LL GO AND GET SOME!



THIS ONE'S ON ME! THE LAST TIME YOU WENT WE NEARLY LOST OUR LIVES! YOU STAY AND WATCH MARY AND THE BABY!

WH..WHY... S..SURE... I'LL STAY WITH MARY!



DOES JOHN HAVE TO GO FAR FOR THE GAS?

MAYBE HE DOESN'T KNOW WHERE TO GO! I'D BETTER GET AFTER HIM AND TELL HIM! YOU WAIT HERE, MARY! I'LL BE BACK IN A MINUTE!



NO! NO! EDGAR! DON'T GO! DON'T LEAVE ME HERE ALONE!





OH, MIGHTY CHIEF-
WHITE GIANT COME!
BRING MANY
GIFTS!

WHITE GIANT
HAVE GIFTS?
BRING HIM TO
ME!



WHITE MAN BRING THINGS!
SHOW HE FRIEND OF PYG-
MIES! HERE, MAGIC WINDOW!
SEE IMAGE! BRING SALT, TOO!

MAGIC
WINDOW
GOOD! SHOW
CHIEF
SALT!



WHITE MAN COME
WARN MIGHTY CHIEF
OF WHITE MAN AND
WOMAN ARE EVIL SPIRITS!
THEY STOP RAIN, SPOIL
CROPS! YOU MUST
DESTROY THEM!

SALT
GOOD!
ME DO!



WHITE MAN WITH WOMAN BRING
MANY EVIL SPIRITS! THEY STOP
RAIN! PYGMIES NO HAVE FOOD!
PYGMIES STARVE! WE MUST
KILL THEM!



UNGA! UNGA!
WE KILL
EVIL SPIRITS!

NO MORE
BAD CROPS!
UNGA!
UNGA!

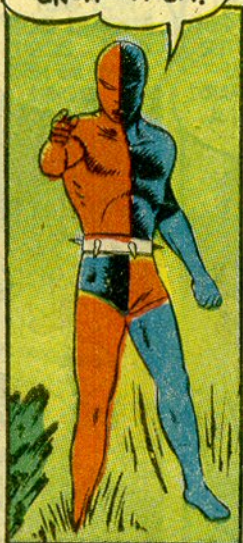
UNGA!
KILL EVIL
SPIRITS!



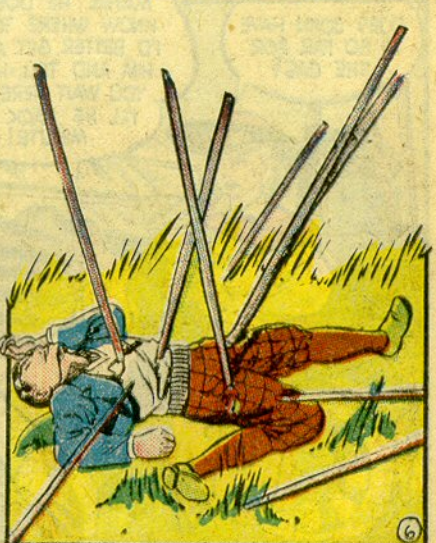
UNGA!
KILL! UNGA!
KILL!
UNGA!
KILL! UNGA!



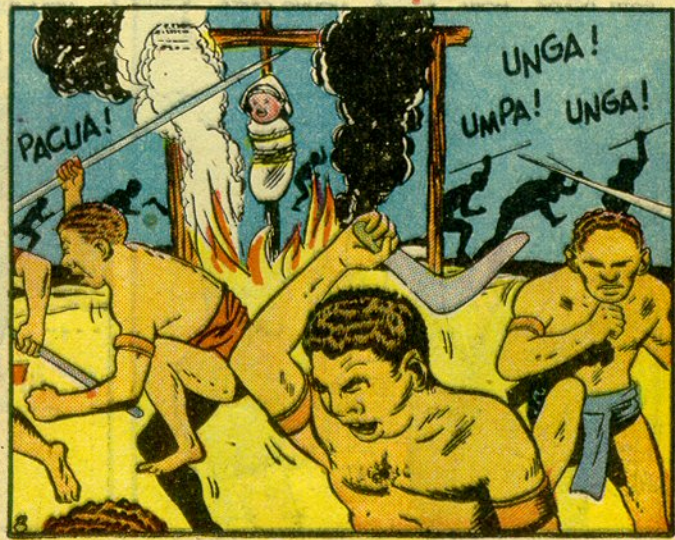
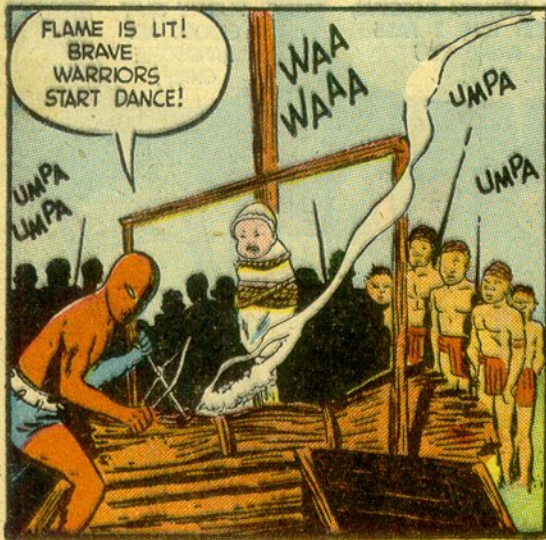
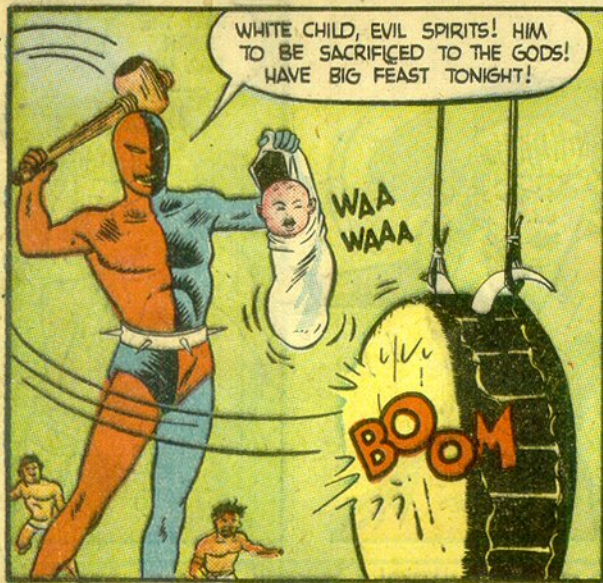
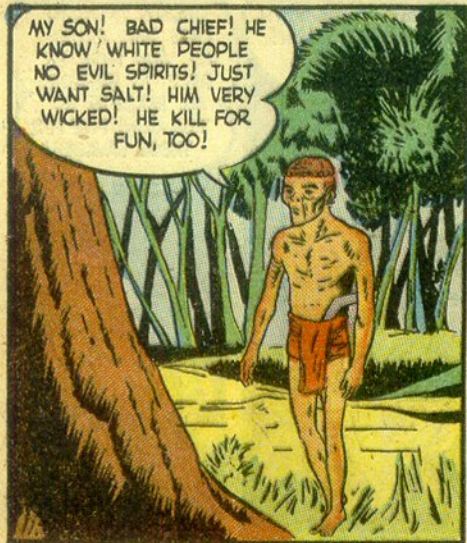
WHO PUT YOU UP
TO THIS? WHAT DO
YOU WANT WITH
ME?



UNGA PACUA!









LITTLE WHITE BOY BRING PRECIOUS RAIN!

HE NOT EVIL SPIRITS! HE GOOD POGULA CONGA!

KNEEL AND BE THANKFUL! POGULA CONGA!

"THE TRIBE TOOK ME TO ITS BOSSOM. AS THE YEARS FLEW BY, AND WITH EACH NEW DUSK, I HAD LEARNED SOMETHING NEW! THIS ANCIENT TRIBE KNEW ALL THE TRICKS OF ITS TRADE! MY BEST TEACHER WAS THE WISE OLD EX-CHIEF. HE SPENT HIS LAST YEAR POURING HIS LOVE OUT TO ME. KINDA FELT LIKE I WAS HIS OWN!

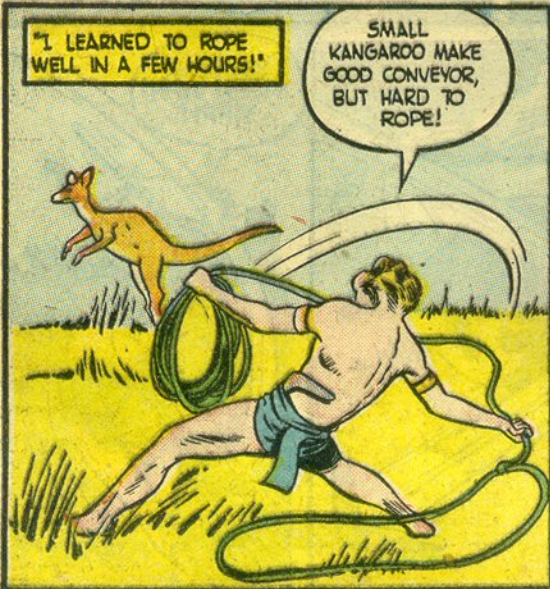
"HE TAUGHT ME HOW TO CLIMB AND SWING ROPE LIKE A CHIMP!"



"AND POLE VAULTING, MIND YOU! HE WAS TOO OLD TO DO IT HIMSELF, BUT HE SURE KNEW HIS OATS!"

"I LEARNED TO ROPE WELL IN A FEW HOURS!"

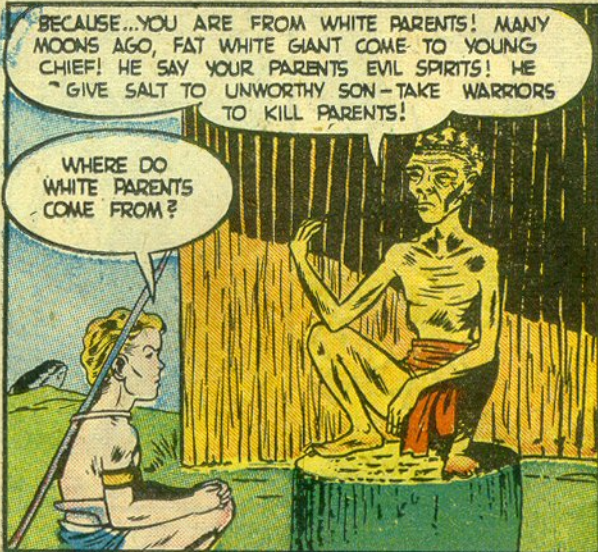
SMALL KANGAROO MAKE GOOD CONVEYOR, BUT HARD TO ROPE!



YIPPI! YIPPI! YAHOOO! GUNGA! GUNGA!

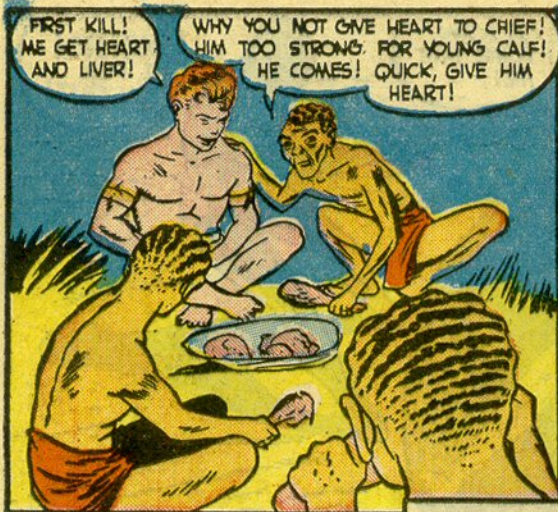


THEN ONE DAY THE OLD BOY CALLED ME TO HIS HUT. WHAT HE TOLD ME LIFTED ME OUT OF THIS BLISSFUL PARADISE INTO COLD EARTHLY REALITY! THIS WAS MY FIRST TASTE OF UNHAPPINESS!

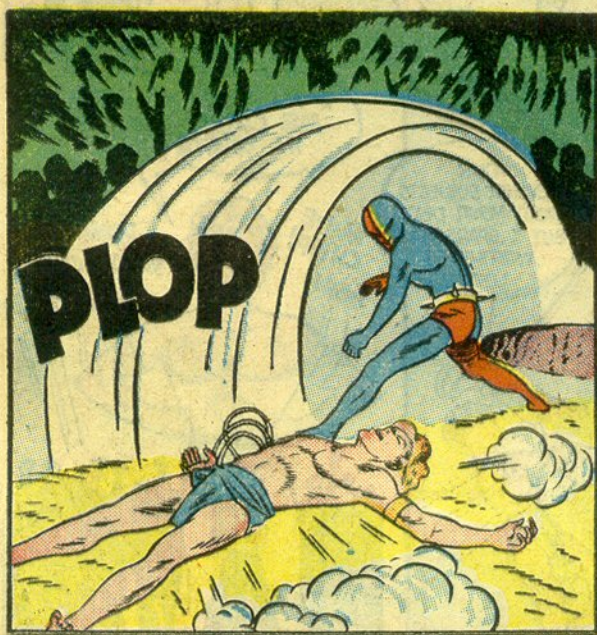
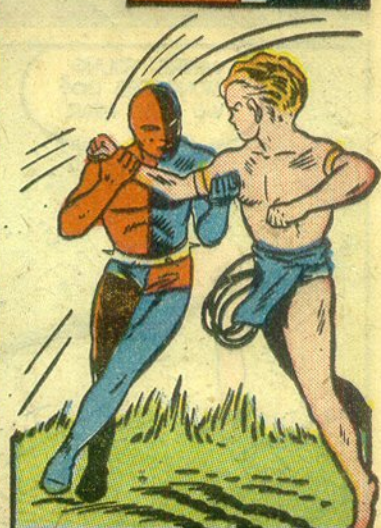


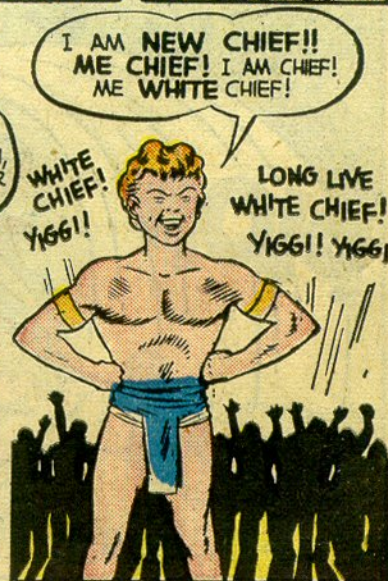
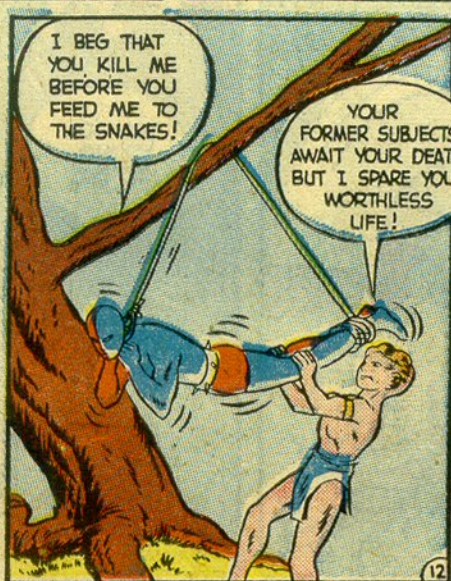
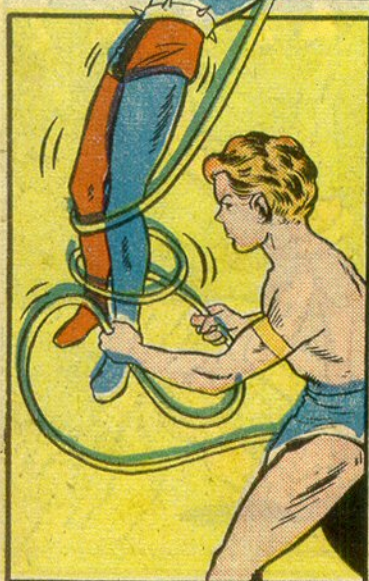
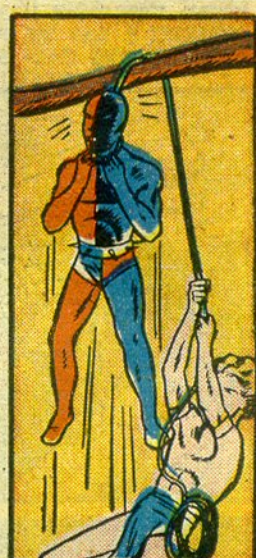
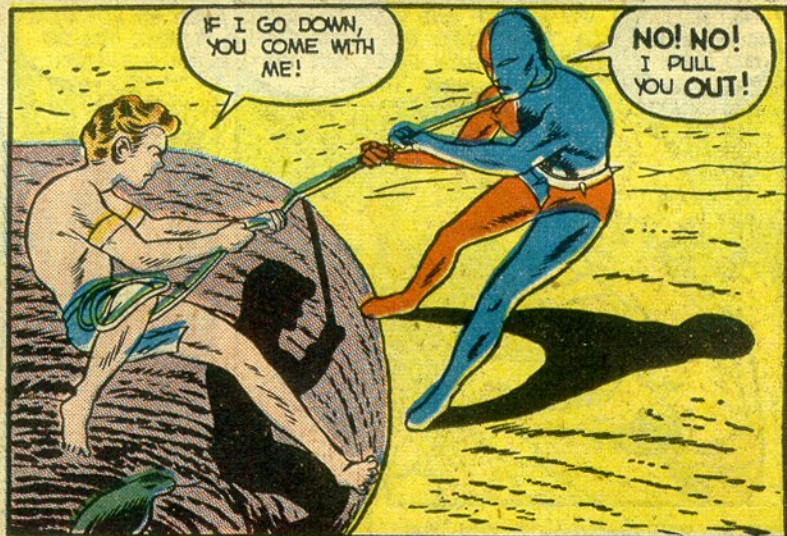
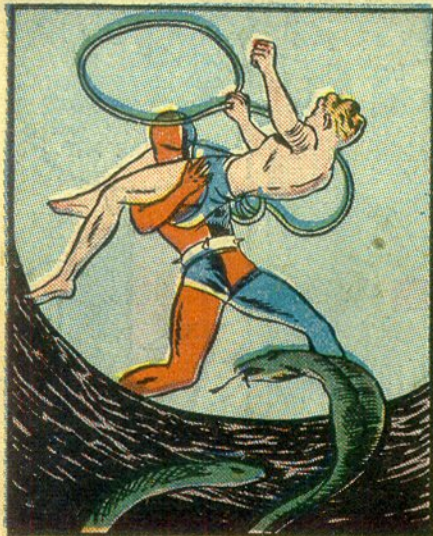
MANY LEAGUES DOWN RAPID RIVER! SOON YOU OLD ENOUGH YOU GO ON HUNT-KILL WILD BOAR, GET HEART AND LIVER - BUT THEN, IF YOU DO NOT GIVE HEART TO CHIEF, YOU FIGHT OVER SNAKE PIT! WINNER IS CHIEF!



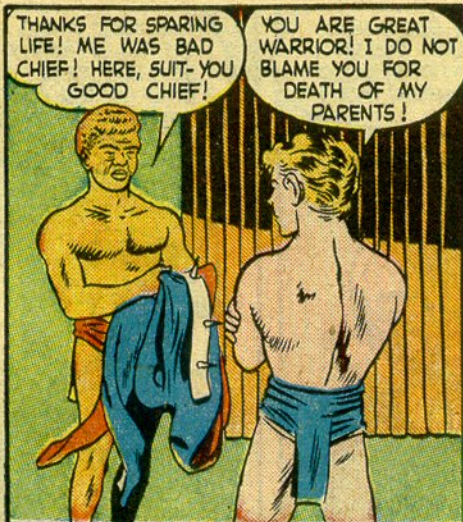


"THE PIT WAS QUICKLY CLEARED! THE WHOLE TRIBE WENT MAD WITH EXCITEMENT! I WAS THE FIRST ONE TO CHALLENGE THE CHIEF SINCE HE TOOK POWER!"





"EVEN IN THAT HIDDEN CORNER OF HUMANITY, THERE EXISTED A FLAGRANT PRACTICE OF SPORTSMANSHIP! THE DETHRONED CHIEF WAS A BAD WINNER BUT A GOOD LOSER! IN MOST CASES IT IS THE OPPOSITE!"



"THANKS FOR SPARING LIFE! ME WAS BAD CHIEF! HERE, SUIT-YOU GOOD CHIEF!"

"YOU ARE GREAT WARRIOR! I DO NOT BLAME YOU FOR DEATH OF MY PARENTS!"



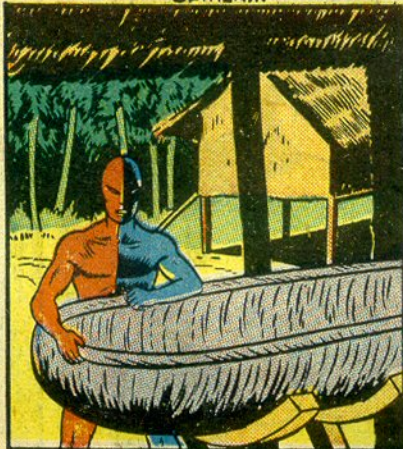
"AND THEN BEFORE THE OLD MAN DIED, HE GAVE ME WHAT WAS LATER TO BE THE MOST IMPORTANT THING IN MY LIFE!"

"MINE? IF IT BELONG TO PARENTS, IT TALKS IN WHITE LANGUAGE!"

"THIS BAG CONTAIN MANY PARCHMENTS! I FOUND IN TREE WITH YOU!"

"THE BAG CONTAINED MY FATHER'S LAWYER'S NAME AND ADDRESS, OUR ORIGINAL PASSPORTS AND AMERICAN MONEY. IMMEDIATELY I STARTED TO PLAN-MY MIND WORKED A BUSY SHIFT THOSE COMING DAYS!"

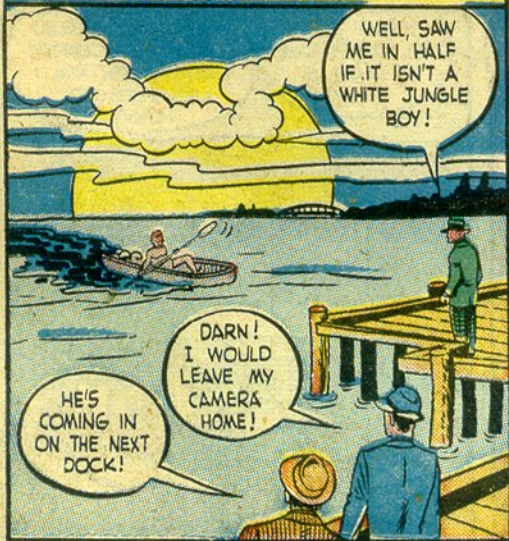
"FOR MONTHS I WORKED! I KNEW THAT IF I COULD FIND THE WHITE MAN'S TRIBE, I COULD PIECE MY ORIGIN TOGETHER..."



"UNTIL THAT EARLY MORNING WHEN I STOLE AWAY FROM MY VILLAGE, MY HEART BEAT A CRAZY TUNE. THE SUSPENSE OF THIS COMING ADVENTURE THRILLED MY EVERY FIBER!"



"FOR SIXTEEN DAYS I PADDED THROUGH THAT DARK JUNGLE...THEN..."



"WELL, SAW ME IN HALF IF IT ISN'T A WHITE JUNGLE BOY!"

"DARN! I WOULD LEAVE MY CAMERA HOME!"

"HE'S COMING IN ON THE NEXT DOCK!"

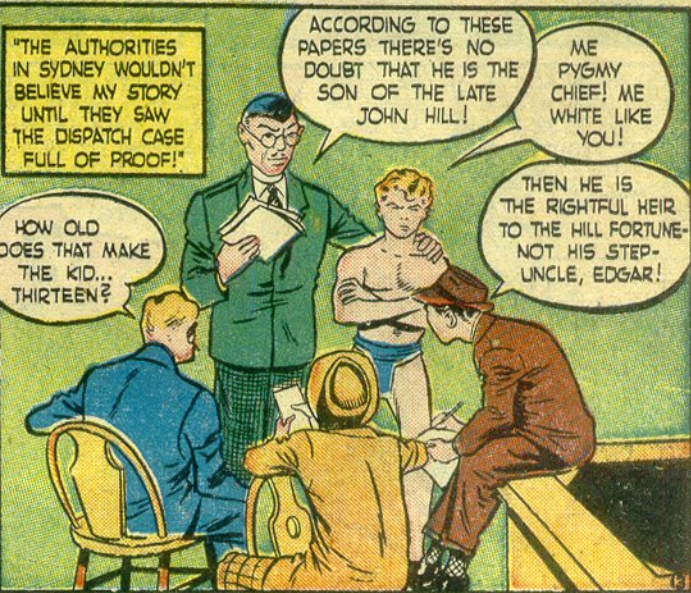
"THE AUTHORITIES IN SYDNEY WOULDN'T BELIEVE MY STORY UNTIL THEY SAW THE DISPATCH CASE FULL OF PROOF!"

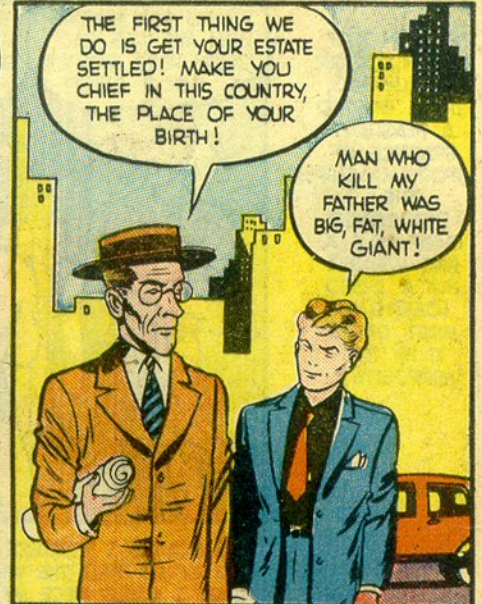
"HOW OLD DOES THAT MAKE THE KID... THIRTEEN?"

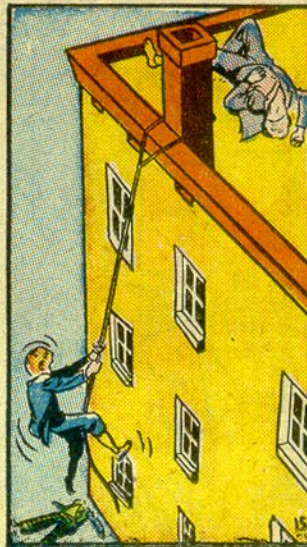
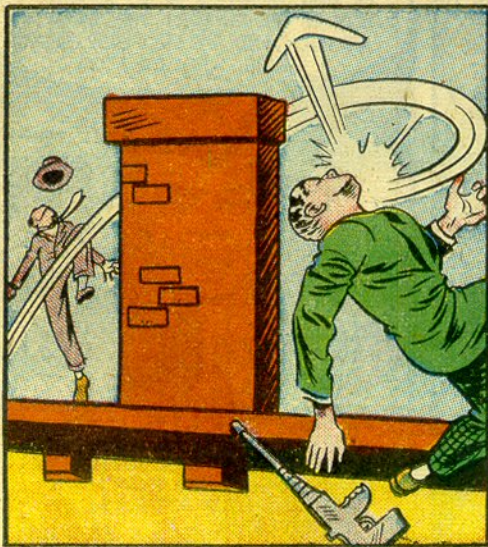
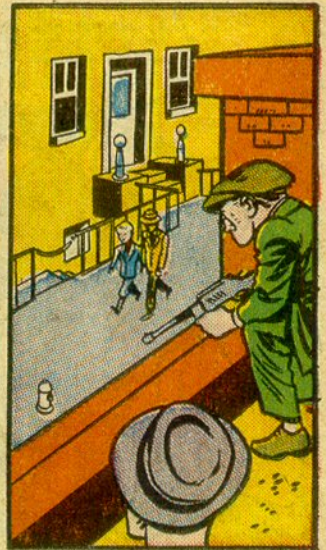
"ACCORDING TO THESE PAPERS THERE'S NO DOUBT THAT HE IS THE SON OF THE LATE JOHN HILL!"

"ME PYGMY CHIEF! ME WHITE LIKE YOU!"

"THEN HE IS THE RIGHTFUL HEIR TO THE HILL FORTUNE-NOT HIS STEP-UNCLE, EDGAR!"







GURGLE! GLURG!
ULP! GULP! O.K.
O.K. O.K!

"JUST AS I HAD SUSPECTED IT WAS
EDGAR, INSTINCTIVELY I MADE MY
WAY BACK TO THE HOUSE!"

"HE SLEPT ON THE FOURTH
FLOOR--AND A LIGHT SLEEPER!"



WH..WHO'S THAT?
S..SOMEBODY'S IN
HERE! SPEAK
UP!! OR I'LL
SHOOT!!

GIVE MORE SALT!
I KILL ANYBODY
FOR SALT, REMEMBER?
YOUR CONSCIENCE
EAT MEAT OFF
YOUR BONES!

THE
PYGMY
CHIEF!

H..HE WON'T DIE!
I FIRED SIX SHOTS INTO
'HIM AND HE WON'T
DIE!



UNGA!
UNGA!
PACUA!

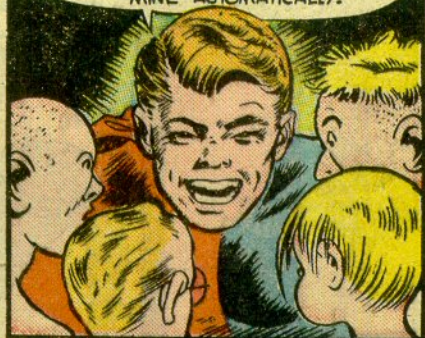
BECAUSE I WAS
STANDING BEHIND HIM!
HE WAS SHOOTING AT MY REFLEC-
TION IN THE MIRROR! YES, HE BROKE
HIS NECK, AND THE PROPERTY BECAME
MINE AUTOMATICALLY!



THERE YOU HAVE IT! THEN
I WENT TO HIGH SCHOOL
AND COLLEGE! AS FOR THIS
SUIT, IT'S MADE OF
POROUS RUBBER!
ANYTHING ELSE?

HOW COME
HE DIDN'T
KILL YOU
WITH SIX
BULLETS?

DID HE DIE
FROM THE FALL?
DO YOU OWN
THE MINE
NOW?



SO, THERE YOU HAVE IT! IT WAS
YOUR WISH TO READ THIS STORY
AGAIN, AND WE WILL GRANT ANY
READER REQUESTS THAT HAVE
THE UNANIMOUS APPROVAL OF
DAREDEVIL'S
PUBLIC! *Chas. Biro*

THE 3 THAT
GAVE YOU THE
BIG 3
DAREDEVIL
BOY
CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CHARLES
BIRO

CHARLES
BIRO

LEV
GLEASON

BOB
WOOD

AT LAST!

A Sensational
RUNNING MATE
to **CRIME DOES NOT PAY**

**ONE GOOD TURN
DESERVES ANOTHER**

WITH *all* TRUE CRIME STORIES

LAST
WORD

ACE

21 JEWEL

PAY-OFF

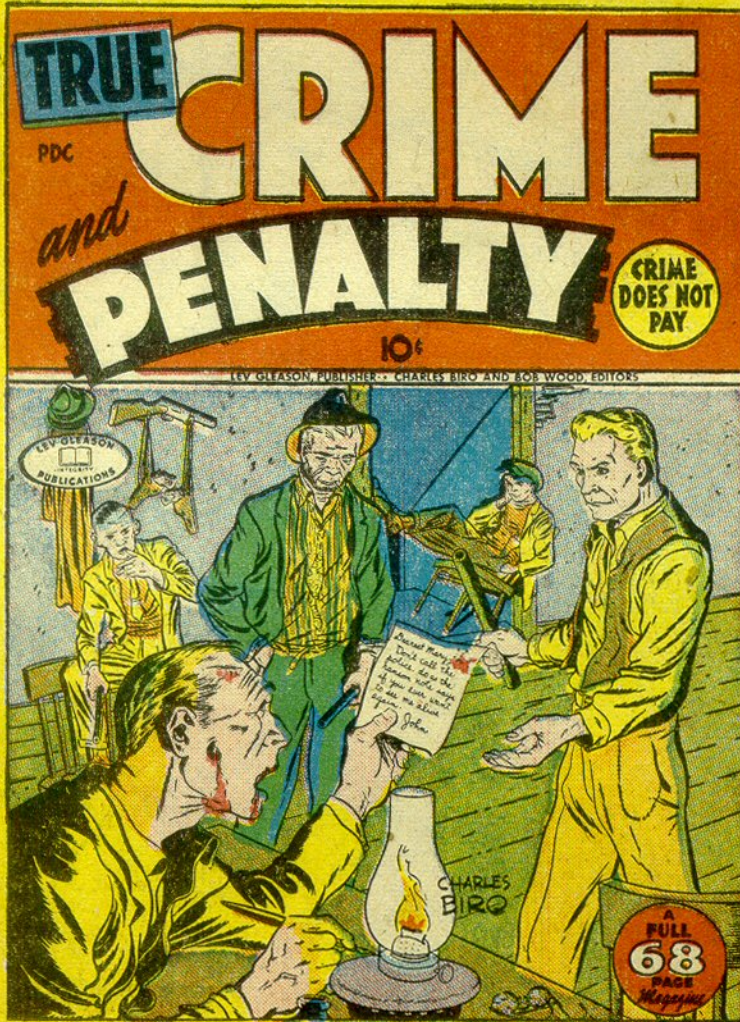
OUT OF
THIS UNIVERSE

18 KARAT

THE CREAM

FOUR STAR

TOP
DRAWER



GUILT
EDGED

GRADE-A

THE TOPS

SOLID

TOP OF
THE HEAP

100%

HAND
PICKED

A-1

FRONT ROW

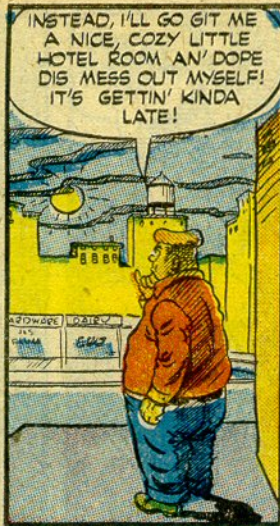
IN PLAIN
LINGO
IT'S THE

BEST!

on your

WATCH FOR IT
NEWSSTAND!

**OUT
SOON!**



IT WAS IN THE DEAD OF WINTER!
THE ROAD WAS A SOLID SHEET
OF ICE! SUDDENLY, ANOTHER
CAR SHOT OUT OF A SIDE ROAD
RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME! I JAMMED
ON THE BRAKES! THE CAR WENT
HAYWIRE! WE HEADED STRAIGHT
FOR THE EDGE OF A EIGHTY
FOOT CLIFF, AND CERTAIN
DEATH!!

SOMEHOW, MIRACULOUSLY
I REGAINED CONTROL
OF THE CAR! BUT IN
ABOUT FOUR SECONDS,
MY WHOLE LIFE
FLASHED BEFORE
MY EYES!!

WOW!!
DAT'S FOR
ME!

HEY, MAC!
GIMME A HAND
UP OUTTA
HERE!

SURE!



THANKS!
HUMM...
NOT BAD MEAT
DEY FEED
DESE
ANIMALS!

DON'T MENTION IT!
??? SAY!!!
WHO IS THAT
GUY?



ALL I GOTTA DO IS GO OUT AN'
INVOLVE MYSELF IN A HORRIBLE
ACCIDENT SO MY LIFE FLASHES
BEFORE MY EYES, AN' I'LL HAVE
SOLVED DA WHOLE CONFUZIN'
MESS! ALL I NEED IS SOME
BRAINS AN' A CAR... DERE'S
A CAR NOW!

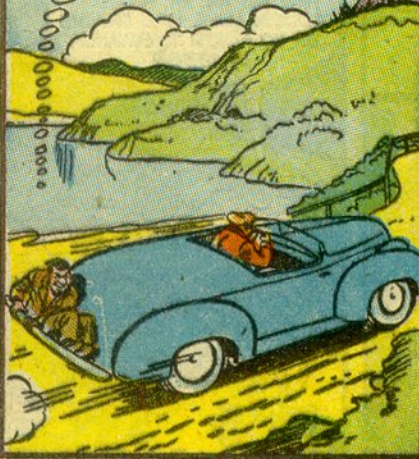


AT THAT VERY MOMENT, BY SOME
EVIL COINCIDENCE, BENNY THE MOLE
LURKS AROUND THE CORNER.

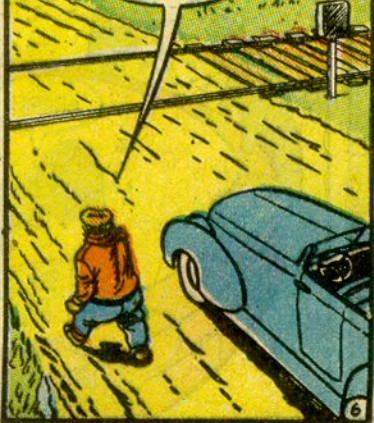
IT'S DAT ROTTEN,
NO-GOOD SNIFFER!
I HATE EVERYBODY
BUT I HATE HIMMA
DA MOST!



...SO I'LL RIDE ALONG
ON DA OFF CHANCT
OF MAYBE I CAN DO
HIM SOME KINDA
DOIT!



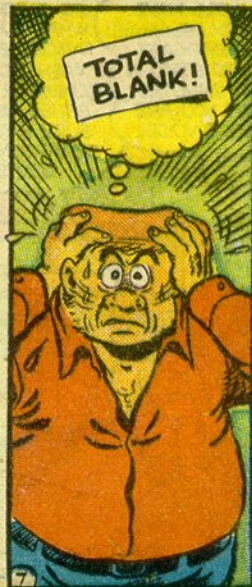
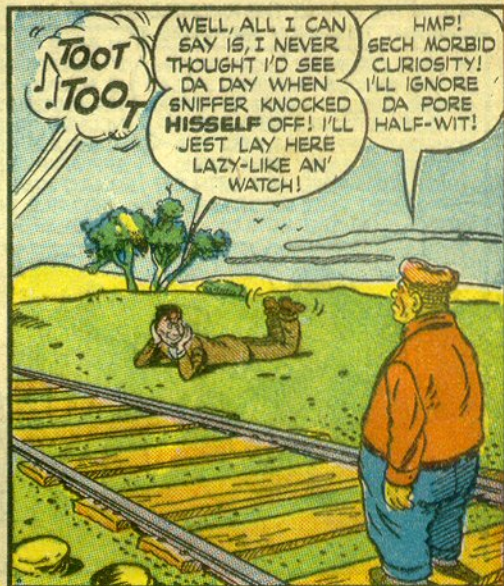
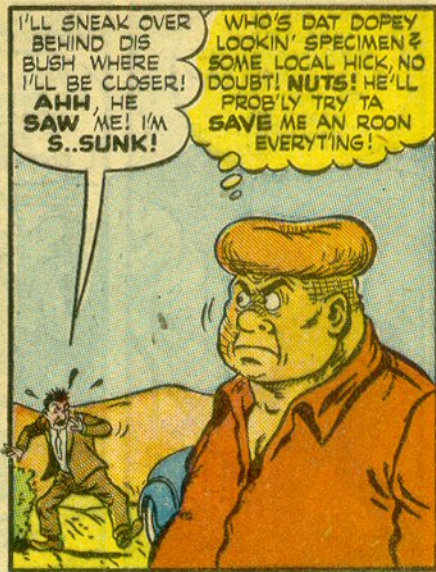
HOPE DIS
IDEA WORKS!
UDDERWISE, I
MIGHT AS WELL
BE DEAD!



SEVERAL TENSE MINUTES GO BY...

WE BEEN PARKED HERE
QUITE A WHILE! I'LL
RISK TAKIN' A PEEK
AN' SEE WOT IN'GERR!!
HE'S DOIN'!







OH, DIS IS WUNNAFUL!!
WUNNAFUL!!
I KIN HARDLY WAIT
TA VIEW DA MANGLED
REMAINS!



WELL, FER...
NO REMAINS!
!!@#*%&
I BEEN GYPED!!

I JUMPED ASIDE
JEST IN TIME!
BUT DIS FINE
IDEA SURE WAS
A FLOP!



THAT'S MY CAR!!

AND THAT MUST
BE THE THIEF!

HEY, YOU!!

GULP!!

BACK IN THE CITY, AT THE RAILROAD STATION, WE FIND THREE PROMINENT TELEVISION MAGNATES.

WE WERE CERTAINLY LUCKY TO SIGN UP THE FAMOUS AMERICAN BALLAD SINGER, BERLED SNIVES, TO APPEAR ON OUR NETWORK! HIS YEARS OF CONSTANT RESEARCH INTO THE HISTORY OF EARLY FOLK MUSIC HAVE REWARDED HIM WITH THE MOST VAST REPERTOIRE IN THE WORLD!

IN SPITE OF HIS SUCCESS, I UNDERSTAND THAT HE IS EQUALLY NOTED FOR HIS **MODESTY** AND INCLINED TO BE A LITTLE CARELESS ABOUT HIS APPEARANCE! SO WE SHOULD HAVE NO TROUBLE IN RECOGNIZING HIM!

I STILL CAN'T REMEMBER NUTTIN' ABOUT MYSELF! I'M BOUND TO PICK UP SOME KIND OF A CLUE SOMETIME!

THAT MUST BE HIM NOW! I'LL GO OVER AND INQUIRE!



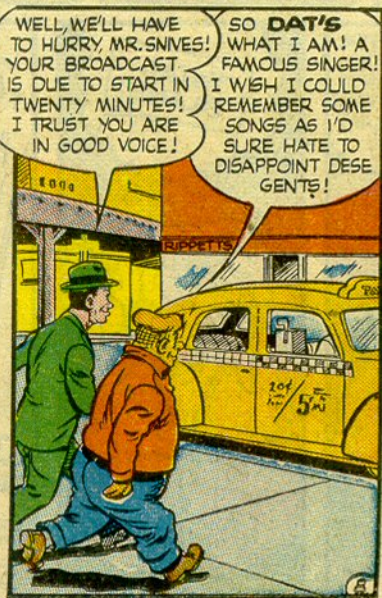
"THE COMET"
TO
WESTPORT
BRIDGE-
POOR
NEW HAVEN
HARTFORD
BOSTON
4:56 P.M.



ER...PARDON ME, SIR, BUT ARE YOU THE FAMOUS SINGER WHO IS SO NOTED FOR HIS ENDLESS PROBING INTO THE PAST?

AW, I DON'T SING SO HOT, BUT I SURE AM INTERESTED IN DA PAST— ESPESHULLY MINE!

GAD! SUCH MODESTY!



WELL, WE'LL HAVE TO HURRY, MR. SNIVES! YOUR BROADCAST IS DUE TO START IN TWENTY MINUTES! I TRUST YOU ARE IN GOOD VOICE!

SO **DAT'S** WHAT I AM! A FAMOUS SINGER! I WISH I COULD REMEMBER SOME SONGS AS I'D SURE HATE TO DISAPPOINT DESE GENTZ!



CHEEZ, CRUSHER, I BEEN HUNTING FER DA SNIFFER **ALL DAY!** HE NEVER DISAPPEARED LIKE DIS BEFORE!

OH, HE PROBABLY MET WID FOUL PLAY OR SOME OTHER SIMPLE EXPLANATION! BUT GIT A LOAD OF MY NOO TELEVISION SET!



AW, QUIT MOPIN' AN' LOOK AT DA THING, WILL YA EGGHEAD?

LEMME ALONE! I'M WORRIED ABOUT DA KID, I TELL YA!

AND NOW WE BRING YOU THAT FAMOUS AMERICAN FOLK SINGER, BERLED SNIVES, WHO WILL ENTERTAIN YOU WITH A FEW RARE OLD BALLADS!



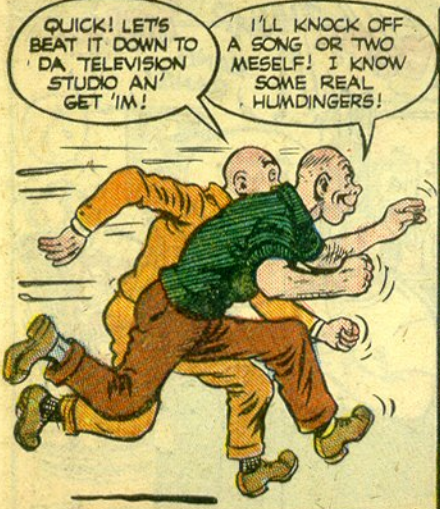
OH, IF I (WHEEZE) HAD DA WINGS OF A URPE AN-GELL...



DERE HE IS!

JEEZ! IT'S HIM!!

...OVER DEESE PRI-ZON WAAAWLS WOOD II FLLLY...



QUICK! LET'S BEAT IT DOWN TO DA TELEVISION STUDIO AN' GET 'IM!

I'LL KNOCK OFF A SONG OR TWO MESELF! I KNOW SOME REAL HUNDINGERS!



HE'S TERRIBLE! GET HIM OFF THE AIR!

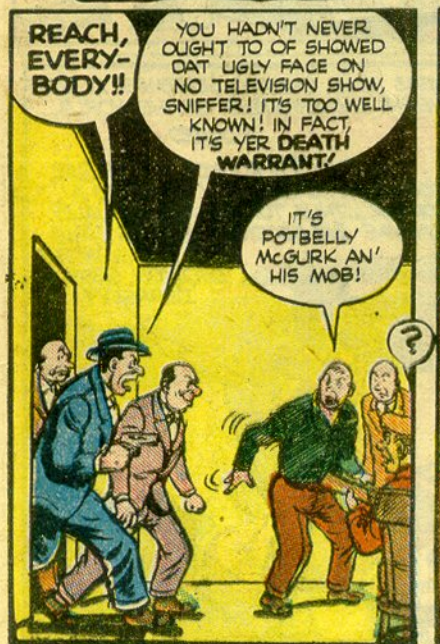
SOMEBODY DO SOMETHING!

HIYA, SNIFFER!



WHO ARE DESE TWO IGNORANT MUGGS WHAT ARE BUSTIN' INTA MY PROGRAM?

WHAT? HEY, YA GOIN' HIGH-HAT ON YER OLD FRIENDS, YA BUM?



REACH, EVERYBODY!!

YOU HADN'T NEVER OUGHT TO OF SHOWED DAT UGLY FACE ON NO TELEVISION SHOW, SNIFFER! IT'S TOO WELL KNOWN! IN FACT, IT'S YER DEATH WARRANT!

IT'S POTBELLY MCGURK AN' HIS MOB!



QUIT WAVIN DAT GAT IN MY FACE, MCGURK! I DON'T LIKE IT!

DIS JOINT IS GETTIN' TOO CROWDED! I'M GONNA TÖSS DA WHOLE BUNCH O' YA OUT!

OH!



BOP!

BAM! WHAM!

CRASH

HELLO? POLICE?

TELL THEM TO HURRY!



WAIT!! I SMELL COPS
COWIN' OR MY NAME
AIN'T SNIFFER!! ??
HEY! IT ALL COMES
BACK TA ME NOW!

WELL,
LET'S
GO!

(SNIFF)
(SNIFF)



YOU GOT SOME
ESPLAININ' TA DO,
SNIFFER! YOU BEEN
ACTIN' MIGHTY
QUEER!

DON'T
WORRY,
I'LL TELL
YA DA
WHOLE
HORRIBLE
STORY!



... SO YER MIND
WAS JEST A BLANK
UNTIL POTBELLY
BOPPED YA JEST
NOW, HUH?

OOHHH,
MISTER,
SNIFFER!

YEAH,
BUT I STILL GOTTA
WORRY ABOUT FINDIN'
A NOO PLACE TA LIVE!
BOY, AM I IN A
SPOT!



ER..AH..GLG...I HAVE DECIDED, SIR,
THAT I ACTED A LITTLE HASTY IN..ER...
DISPOSSESSING YOU YESTERDAY! FRANKLY,
THINGS HAVE BEEN SIMPLY **FRENZIED**
EVER SINCE YOU..AH..DEPARTED! I FIND
THAT **NOBODY** WILL LIVE IN YOUR OLD
APARTMENT, SINCE SO MANY..ER..**THUGS**
AND **C..CROOKS** KEEPS HANGING
AROUND LOOKING FOR YOU! AND THEY
BOTHR THE **OTHER TENANTS** NO
END BY CONSTANTLY TEARING THEIR
ROOMS UP TO SEE IF YOU ARE
HIDING SOMEWHERE! IF..IF..
YOU DON'T MOVE BACK, I FEAR
I SHALL BE **R..RUINED!**

BAD AS
DAT, HUH?



OKAY, LANDLORD, OL' KID! NO
HARD FEELIN'S! I'LL MOVE
BACK IN! **BUT FIRST** I
WANT DA JOINT REPAINTED,
A COMPLETE REDECORATION
JOB, AND DA
RENT REDUCED
IN HALF, SEE?

GULP!
V..VERY WELL,
SIR!



BOP! **THUMP** **YOW!**
BANG **BANG!**

AHH...
PEACE
AT
LAST!

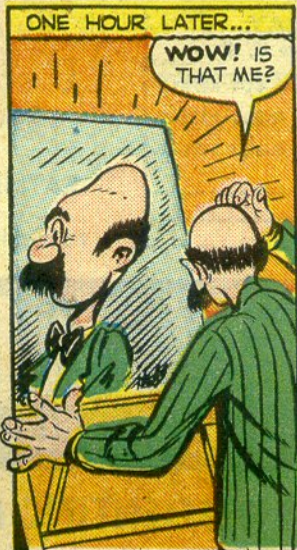
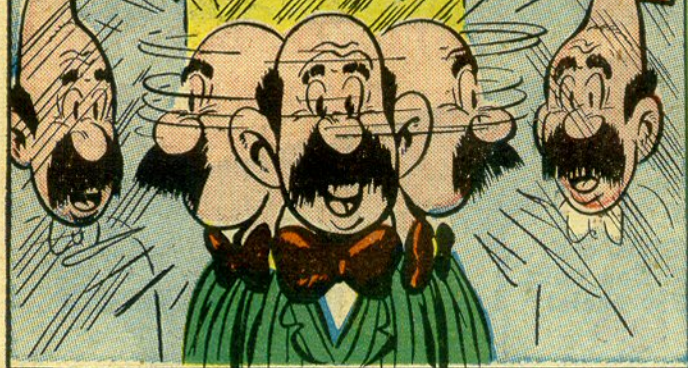
WE'LL NEVER FORGET...
by MORRIS WEISS

THE FAMOUS LONG COUNT

WHEN DEMPSEY FORGOT THE RULES!

IT WAS IN SOLDIERS FIELD, CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 22, 1927 FOR THE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD... **JACK DEMPSEY FLOORED GENE TUNNEY** IN THE 7TH ROUND! THE REFEREE REFUSED TO COUNT UNTIL DEMPSEY WENT TO A NEUTRAL CORNER... THUS, TUNNEY WAS ACTUALLY ON THE CANVAS 14 SECONDS... BUT HE CAME BACK AND WON THE DECISION FROM DEMPSEY!

TWIDDLE





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RAPID FIRING
LOOKS LIKE A REAL '45

- Explodes with a "Bang"
- Actually smokes when fired
- Holds a 50 Cap Roll —
- easy to load
- Full size plastic hand grip

ALL METAL—SILVER FINISH
SHOOTS 50 CAPS
Automatically

PISTOL ONLY \$195
PISTOL and 55-50 Cap Rolls (2750 Shots) \$350



PISTOL AND 20-50 CAP ROLLS \$250

DeLuxe Model 7 Inches Long

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Date: _____

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enclose \$2.50. Send me, express charges collect, one G-BOY REPEATING CAP PISTOL and 20-50 Cap Rolls—1000 Shots.

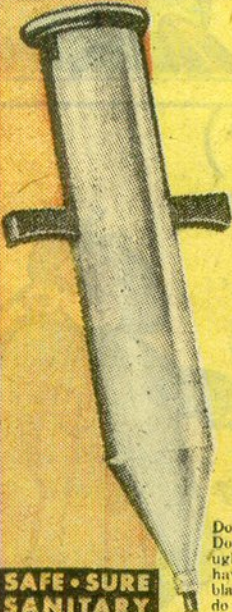
enclose \$1.95. Send me, express charges collect, one G-BOY REPEATING CAP PISTOL.

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City: _____ State: _____

(Nearest Express Office)

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Don't wait until embarrassing criticism makes you act. Don't risk losing out on popularity and success because of ugly dirt-clogged pores. ACT NOW! Enjoy the thrill of having a clean skin, free of pore-clogging, embarrassing blackheads. Try Vacutex for 10 days. We guarantee it to do all we claim. If you are not completely satisfied your \$1.00 will be immediately refunded.

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SANITARY
DAINTY
FAST
PLEASANT

BALLCO PRODUCTS COMPANY,
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Ballco Products Co., Dept. 8608
 19 West 44th St., New York 18, N. Y.

Enclosed find \$1.00. Send me Vacutex postpaid. My dollar will be refunded if I am not delighted.

Ship C. O. D. I will pay postman \$1 plus postage.

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

Send No C.O.D.'s Outside U.S.A.

TOO MANY CLUES

A Crimebuster Story

By DICK FRENCH

"H'YA, Crandell," said the voice on the phone, "How's the super-sleuth today?"

"Hello, Garrett. What can I do for you—arrest one of the horses you lost money on?" Inspector Crandell's voice was cold.

"Always kidding, huh?" said Barney Garrett. "Look, Crandell, I know you don't go for me much, but this is kinda serious. You don't wanta see another murder committed, do you?"

Instantly Crandell was alert. As he spoke, he glanced at the interested face of *Crimebuster*, perched on the edge of his desk. "Murder, you say," he murmured softly. "Maybe you'd better tell me all about it. Whose murder?"

"Mine, Crandell—that's why I'm interested," laughed Garrett. "No kidding—I got a hunch somebody's out to get me, and I figured maybe you could help me out. I'll tell ya how it is. I owe a few grand, and—wait a second, somebody's comin' in—"

Crandell waited impatiently for a moment, and then suddenly stiffened in his chair, as Garrett's shout came over the phone, easily heard in the quiet office.

"Don't—don't be a fool, baby! Put that down! Put down that—" There was a click, and silence.

The echoes of Garrett's voice still filled the room as *Crimebuster* leaped from the desk and headed for the door. "Come on, Crandell," he snapped as he ran. "Garrett's place is only a couple of blocks from here. Let's go!"

As the big police cruiser whirled up to the door of the swank apartment building, *Crimebuster* noted a pretty girl hurrying away in the gathering dark. "hmmm—there's a face I know. I wonder—" But his thoughts were lost as he and Crandell raced into the building and into the self-service elevator.

The body of Barney Garrett, lifelike except for the sightless, staring eyes sat upright in an easy chair before a huge, littered desk. A dark stain still spread slowly in the bright blue silk shirt, directly over his heart.

"He ain't been dead very long—still warm," said one of Crandell's policemen. "But he sure is now—very dead."

Crimebuster was poking among the papers on the desk. A puzzled frown creased his face as he stared at a pencilled scribbling on the edge of a scratch sheet. Wordlessly he handed it to Crandell, who read aloud. "Mona Marris shot Gar—that's all it says."

"Mona Marris," said *Crimebuster* thoughtfully, "is the girl we saw leaving here as we arrived. She's also an actress. I knew I recognized her from somewhere."

The big cop who had been examining Garrett's body broke in excitedly. "Mona Marris! Say chief—here's something you ought to know. A couple of hours ago Garrett and that comic, Harry Stoner, was in Mindy's Restaurant with this Marris dame. They had a brawl about something, and Garrett started slapping the girl around till a couple of waiters pulled him off. We got a call on it, but Marris wouldn't prosecute, so we let it go."

Crandell grinned. "Now this is the kind of case I like. Looks like a cinch. Have Mona Marris and Stoner picked up and bring 'em here, but quick."

Mona Marris was known to the theatre world for her radiant beauty, but she was anything but beautiful as she faced Inspector Crandell in Garrett's apartment an hour later, her face streaked with tears and terror in her big dark eyes.

Crandell's voice was cold, patient. "What's the use, Miss Marris? Why not tell us the truth? Look at the evidence," he said quietly. "You admit Garrett slapped you around in Mindy's, and that you screamed you'd kill him. We get a phone call from Garrett, and hear him call somebody baby—then we run over here and find him dead. We saw you leave here. And on top of all that, here's a note saying you did it. We checked the note with the pencil in Garrett's pocket, and it checks. He wrote it alright. Any jury in the world would convict you."

Harry Stoner laid a comforting hand on the girl's shoulder. He was a dark heavy set man in his forties, flashily dressed. "Honey, if you did do it, better tell the gentlemen. It will be much easier for you," he said.

Mona Marris whirled on him. "You too, Harry? You think I did it too!" Her voice broke as she repeated. "I didn't do it—I didn't. I've told you—he called me and said he'd pay me the money he owed me, and when I got here he was—like this!"

Crimebuster turned to Harry Stoner. "Let's have your version of the argument in Mindy's, just for the record," he said, "and try to remember exactly what everyone said."

Stoner frowned in concentration. "Well, near as I can remember, it was like this," he said. "Mona had loaned Barney a couple of thousand dollars a while back when he was on the rocks. Everybody knew he's just made a big killing, some thirty thousand or so, and she wanted her money back—but Barney kept stalling." Stoner launched into a swift imitation of Barney Garrett's voice. "Baby," he said, "you just let poppa hang on to that dough of yours! Old Barney knows what he's doin'. Coupla more weeks and you'll get it back doubled!" But Mona didn't like the idea, Stoner went on, and pretty soon she started making a scene, and Barney lost his temper and slapped her a couple of times. "Last I saw of her, she was sailing out the door screaming she'd kill him for slapping her in public."

Crimebuster looked steadily at Stoner for a long moment, then turned to Crandell. "Did you find any money when you searched Miss Marris? Or did your men find any in her apartment?" His eyes clung to Mona Marris as he spoke, but she hardly seemed to be listening. "She didn't have much time to dispose of any money—she was picked up twenty minutes after she left here."

Crandell frowned as he said, "No—no money. But she could have gotten rid of it somewhere. What about it?"

Crimebuster spoke slowly, "Crandell, you've known me quite a long time. I'm not the kind to make foolish statements. And I say that Miss Marris did not kill Garrett. Furthermore, if you'll take a chance on my advice, I know I can show you who the real killer is! You send someone to search Stoner's apartment for that thirty thousand dollars—in fact, search him right now! He may be just confident enough to have it with him."

Stoner, standing close to Garrett's body at the desk, began to sputter indignantly. "Why, you young upstart! Crandell, if you follow this fool's advice, I'll have you job! I've got influential friends —"

Crandell ignored him. For a long moment he stared straight at *Crimebuster*, then, "Okay, boys—frisk him," he barked.

But as two of the officers turned towards Stoner, the fat comedian, with astonishing speed, reached

for the drawer of the desk. At his first move, *Crimebuster* flung himself into the air, flying across the desk in a swift lunge. There was a flash of steel in the fat man's hand, but instantly his wrist was grasped in a grip of iron, his throat in another. A flat automatic fell to the floor with a clatter, and a moment later Harry Stoner was writhing helplessly, pinned to the wall in *Crimebuster's* relentless grasp. As he struggled, the two policemen efficiently rifled his pockets. And a moment later one of them let out a long whistle as he gazed at the thick packet of thousand dollar bills in his hand.

Later that night, at Police Headquarters, Inspector Crandell took *Crimebuster* firmly by the shoulders and sat him in a big easy chair. "Now listen," he said, "I got the general drift of this thing from Stoner's confession. He knew that Garrett had thirty thousand dollars, and when Garrett had the fight with Mona Marris, Stoner figured he saw a way to get the money, and throw the blame on the girl. But what tipped you off to the whole phoney set-up?"

Crimebuster grinned as he said, "The old pitfall of the amateur killer, Crandell—too many clues. Stoner set the stage too well. First of all, that note. It said, 'Mona Marris shot Gar—'. Now no man, dying, would write that. He'd have said, Mona Marris shot *me*. And then the pencil. It checked with the writing in the note, but it was in Garrett's pocket! If he didn't have strength enough to finish the note, how could he put it back in his pocket?"

"Yeah—yeah, I see what you mean," said Crandell. "But what gave you the idea that Stoner did the job?"

"Stoner gave it to me himself," said *Crimebuster*. "Remember when he imitated Garrett's voice? When he did that, all the pieces fell into place. Stoner went up to Garrett's apartment and killed him. Then he fixed up the phony note, and phoned Mona Marris, disguising his voice to sound like Garrett, and asked her to come over to get her money. When he was sure she was coming, he phoned you, still in Garrett's voice, and planted the murder angle and the word baby. It was simple—but he messed it up with too many clues."

Crandell shook his head wearily. "What a business—and what will they think of next? Well, anyway it's over, thanks to you. Now I can relax again."

Crimebuster grinned as he headed for the door. "If I were you, my friend, I'd start thinking up some good alibis," he murmured. "Wait till your boys find out you were talking to a murderer over the phone five minutes after his crime, and about to offer him police protection from an imaginary killer!"

THIS IS YOUR PAGE

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

\$200 FOR EACH LETTER PUBLISHED \$200

In every issue of DAREDEVIL COMICS this page is devoted to your opinions, ideas and suggestions. Since the conception of DAREDEVIL COMICS we have been guided by two ideals—first, the eradication of crime and, second, to give credit to the fearless detectives and officers of the law who daily risk their lives, that you and we may live in a more lawful society.

CHARLES BIRO and BOB WOOD, Editors.

To me DAREDEVIL COMICS really is the comic magazine that dared to be different. I have read numberless comics and none of them can come anywhere near comparing with DAREDEVIL. So all I can say is, thanks for bringing something new and different into the comic world.

Yours truly, Robert Jackson
135 Richards St., West Haven, Conn.

Though your letter reads like a paid-for testimonial, we're sure that it's sincere.

As a devoted reader, I want to tell you that I like DAREDEVIL because it's so real and human. My father, who is in the Army, said that DAREDEVIL is the most popular comic book in the service, so thanks for making a good book better.

Very truly yours, Stuart Brown
Chapin Ct., Northboro, Mass.

It's your kind of recognition that makes people aspire toward better things.

I like DAREDEVIL COMICS because you give credit to detectives and officers of the law, instead of to silly, make-believe men who go through keyholes, turn into fire, or fly through the air, etc. Keep up your good work.

Yours truly, Carl Eugene Lemme
1820 Bayard Park Drive, Evansville 14, Indiana

That's what we started out to do, and will continue to do so until the end of crime.

What a terrific, super-duper magazine. I never read and enjoyed a book as I do the one and only "DAREDEVIL." Man alive, he's what I call an American hero, coming straight from the shoulder of a Canadian, who is incidentally, me. Come on, Editors, keep up the dandy work.

Your fan, Lillian Irene White
329 Edwards Ave., The Pas, Manitoba, Canada

Thanks, we simply give the readers what we, ourselves, would enjoy.

Maybe I'm a cranky mother; at least I'm willing to confess when in error. I've been fussing about my boys reading comics. Since reading one of yours, I'm saying, "More power to you, and God's blessings on your efforts."

Sincerely, (Mrs.) Inez Sharp
930 Prospect St., Florence, Ala.

Your broad-minded words droppeth as the gentle rain from Heaven.

I have one complaint to make about DAREDEVIL COMICS. In my opinion, Dickie Dean's inventions are too fantastic, so I suggest you change it to a true story about crime heroes. How about it, editors, will you give it a thought?

Yours truly, Ronald Spenard
38 Parker Ave., Glenbrook, Conn.

Dickie Dean has a large following. His fan mail can attest to that, but since this is your opinion, you certainly have a right to air it here.

I have three growing boys as well as a Marine P.F.C. They read every issue of DAREDEVIL COMICS—Crimebuster, etc. I think this sort of reading helps them get the right slant on life. Too many magazines picture a villain as the really successful person.

Sincerely, Victor M. Prebor
So. Burlington, Vermont

We cherish your letter, which evidences that our efforts are aimed in the right direction, and the proof of the pudding tastes mighty good to us.

Hats off to your little giant publication. To DAREDEVIL COMICS goes credit and thanks from, I'm sure, all corners of America. During the war, many honest citizens realized that juvenile delinquency loomed as great a problem as defeating the enemy. Since the greater part of your reading audience is comprised of youngsters, you and others like you deserve large amounts of thanks for your published proofs to boys and girls that crime never did, does, or will ever pay.

Yours for peace, Henry S. Galus
164 Cedar Grove St., New Bedford, Mass.

It's gratifying to observe the opinions of one so well informed.

Letters must be limited to 50 words or less. Address all letters to:
"What's On Your Mind?"—DAREDEVIL COMICS, 114 East 32 St., New York 16, N. Y.

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- ★ An official Armme Secret Service Identification Card.
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- ★ A secret code manual for special Armme Code-O-Graph Agents.
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ALLEN-ROBERT Dept. G-17
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I am enclosing \$2.95. Please ship (express charges collect) a Junior G-Man Crime-Buster Outfit with 50-shot automatic, all metal repeating cap pistol plus 20 cartridge belts of sure-fire ammunition—1000 shots in all, and a Code-O-Graph. Money back if dissatisfied.

CHECK BELOW FOR EXTRA AMMUNITION

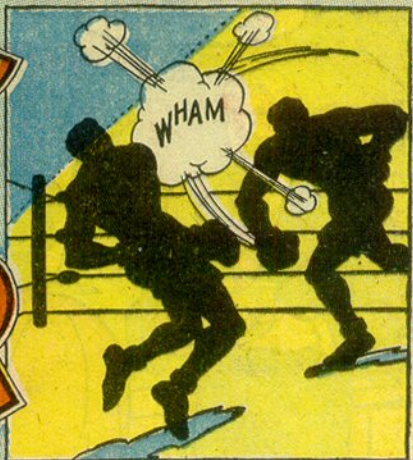
I am enclosing an additional \$1—include 40 extra 50-shot belts (2000 extra shots).

Name _____
 (Please Print Clearly)
 Address _____
 City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Boy O Boy! You'll be just like the big-time G-Men, Secret Agents and famous Detectives with your swell 3 in 1 Crime-Buster Outfit. Your friends will say it's terrific, and will they be keen to have you organize the whole neighborhood for real-life combat battles, breaking spy rings, or for modern cops and robbers. And Mom and Pop will be proud of you as the leader. Gee Whiz! This keen pistol looks just like the ".45's" carried by Army Officers, and the 1000 rounds of ammunition give you a chance to capture plenty of "wrong guys." The Code-O-Graph is a whiz for secret messages in code written in invisible ink, plus secret identification cards and membership certificates. It's worth saving your allowance for. Help prevent crime. Hurry and send for your Big 3 in 1 Crime-Buster outfit today.

"GO-ALONG" GALLAGHER

by
WES SIRROM



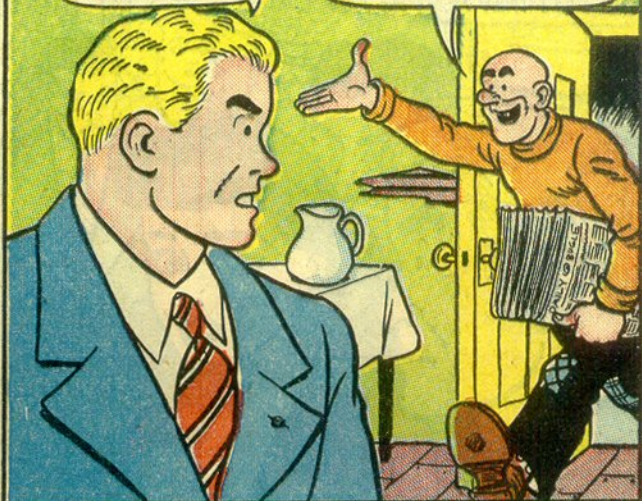
THE LAST ROUND!

knocked him at the end of round
two.

In the semi-final...Go Along
Gallagher made a fine showing
in his first professional fight...
after being floored five times
in the first two rounds, he
came back to win the decision...
he's plenty green...but he's got
more flash than any of Eddie
Frank's other fighters ever had...
at least it seems to me.

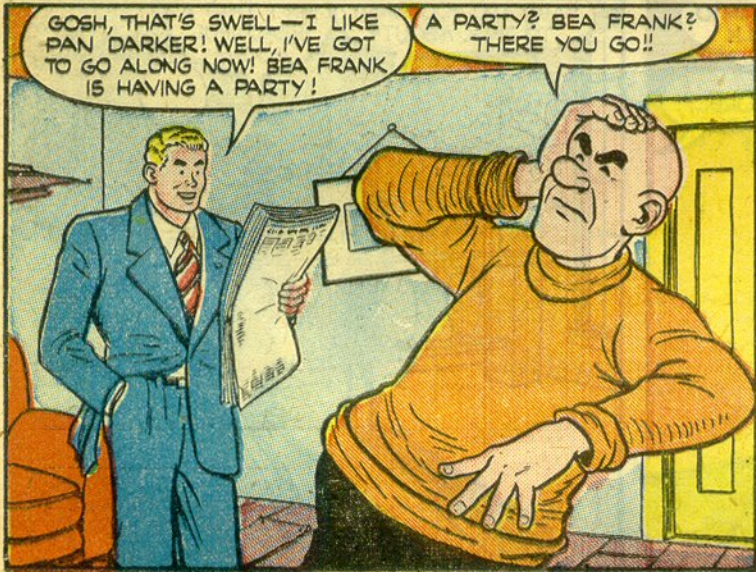
HEY, NOCKY—WHAT'RE YOU
DOING WITH ALL THOSE
NEWSPAPERS?

YOU'RE FAMOUS, GO-ALONG,
M'LAD! WAIT'LL YOU READ
PAN DARKER'S COLUMN!

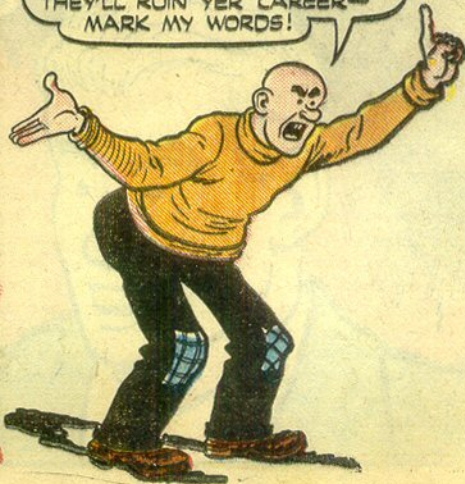


GOSH, THAT'S SWELL—I LIKE
PAN DARKER! WELL, I'VE GOT
TO GO ALONG NOW! BEA FRANK
IS HAVING A PARTY!

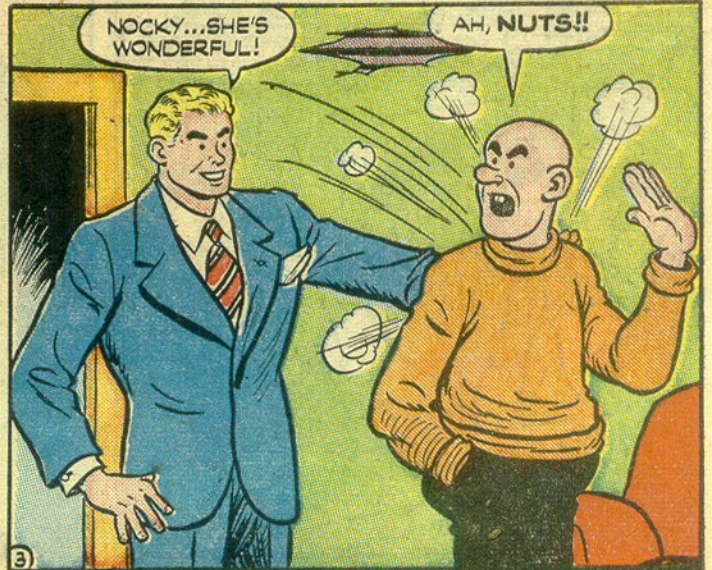
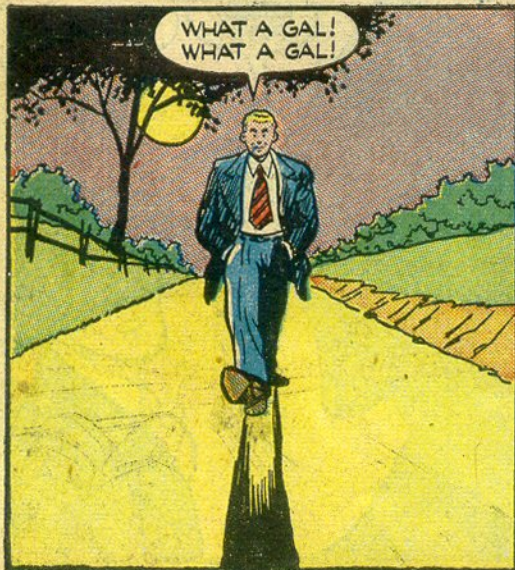
A PARTY? BEA FRANK?
THERE YOU GO!!



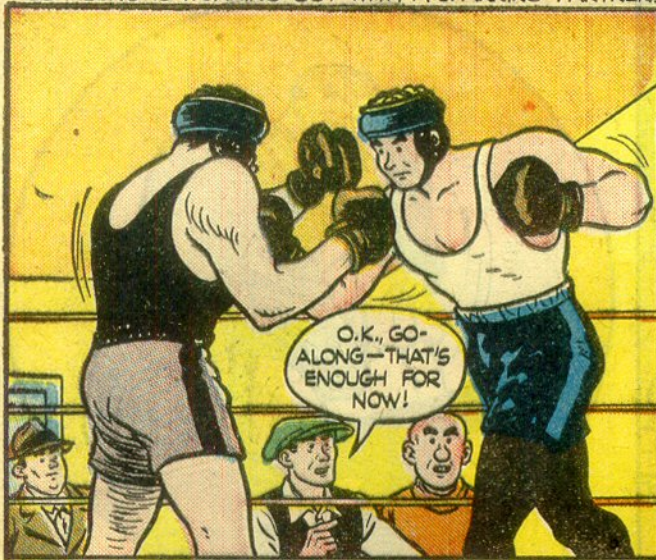
ALL RIGHT, GO TO THE PARTY! GET
YOURSELF MIXED UP WIT' A DAME—
BUT YOU'LL REGRET IT! WOMEN ARE
POISON AN SURE AS SHOOTIN'
THEY'LL RUIN YER CAREER—
MARK MY WORDS!







GO-ALONG IS WORKING OUT WITH A SPARRING PARTNER.

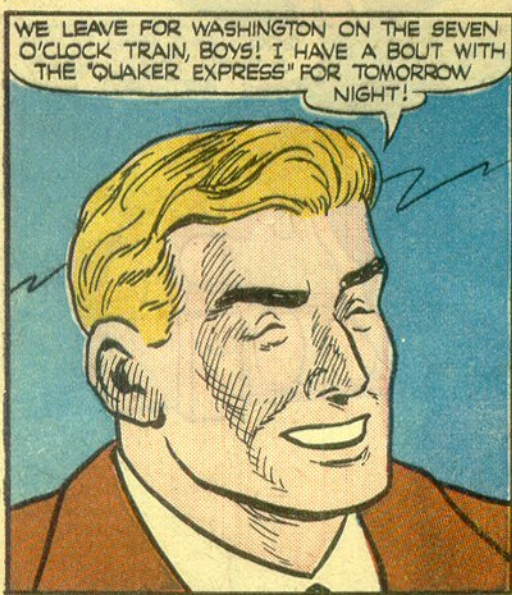


O.K., GO-ALONG—THAT'S ENOUGH FOR NOW!

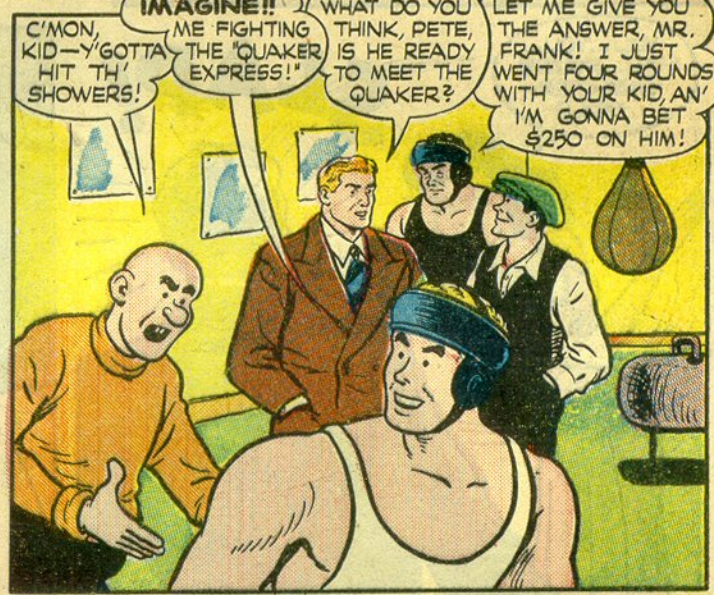


GO-ALONG, YOUR FOOTWORK IS FINE — BUT YOU'VE GOT TO KEEP THAT CHIN COVERED OR A HARD HITTER WILL TEAR YOUR HEAD OFF!

HERE COMES MR. FRANK!



WE LEAVE FOR WASHINGTON ON THE SEVEN O'CLOCK TRAIN, BOYS! I HAVE A BOUT WITH THE 'QUAKER EXPRESS' FOR TOMORROW NIGHT!



C'MON, KID—Y'GOTTA HIT TH' SHOWERS!

IMAGINE!! ME FIGHTING THE 'QUAKER EXPRESS'!

WHAT DO YOU THINK, PETE, IS HE READY TO MEET THE QUAKER?

LET ME GIVE YOU THE ANSWER, MR. FRANK! I JUST WENT FOUR ROUNDS WITH YOUR KID, AN' I'M GONNA BET \$250 ON HIM!



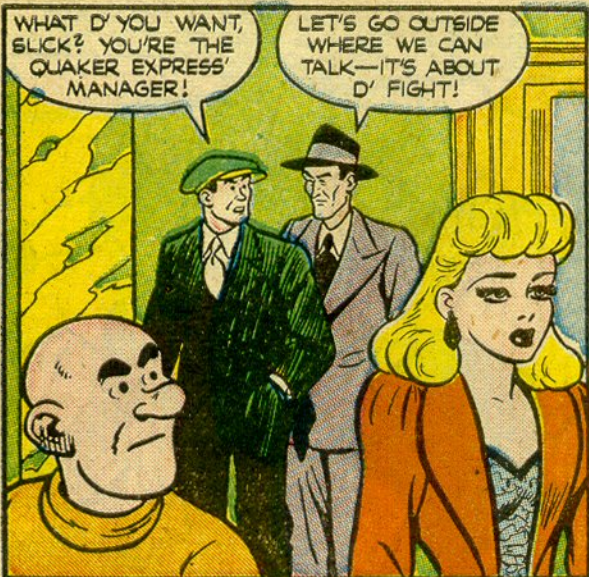
FIVE HOURS LATER...IN THE TATLER HOTEL, WASHINGTON...

WE HAVE RESERVATIONS, EDDIE FRANK IS THE NAME!



HELLO, PETE!

SLICK SLYME ??



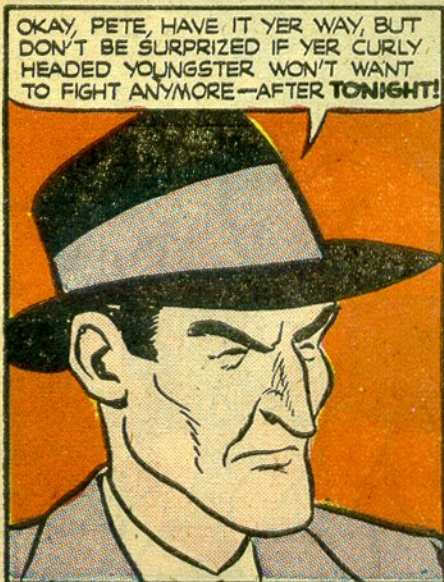
WHAT D' YOU WANT, SLICK? YOU'RE THE QUAKER EXPRESS' MANAGER!

LET'S GO OUTSIDE WHERE WE CAN TALK—IT'S ABOUT D' FIGHT!



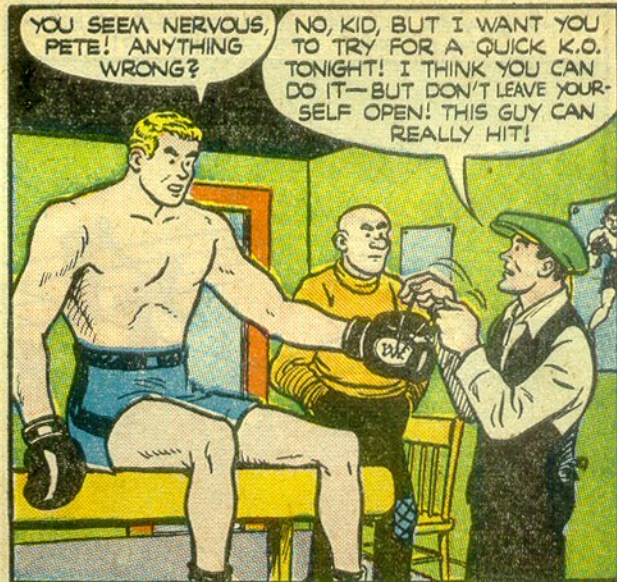
NOW LOOK, PETE, I GOT A FIGHT LINED UP FOR D' 'QUAKER' WID PUG PORTNOY AT D' GARDEN NEXT MONTH—AND I WANT MY BOY T' LOOK GOOD T' MORROW NIGHT! NOW I KNOW HE'LL BEAT GALLAGHER, BUT IF HE WAS T' K.O. HIM—LET'S SAY IN D' FIRST ROUND, IT'D BE WORTH FIVE HUNDRED TO ME!

YOU GOT TH' WRONG PARTY, SLICK—AND DON'T BE TOO SURE THAT TH' 'QUAKER' WILL WIN!



OKAY, PETE, HAVE IT YER WAY, BUT DON'T BE SURPRIZED IF YER CURLY HEADED YOUNGSTER WON'T WANT TO FIGHT ANYMORE—AFTER TONIGHT!

TWENTY-TWO HOURS LATER... AND TWENTY MINUTES BEFORE THE FIGHT... THE PLACE... GO—ALONG GALLAGHER'S DRESSING ROOM...



YOU SEEM NERVOUS, PETE! ANYTHING WRONG?

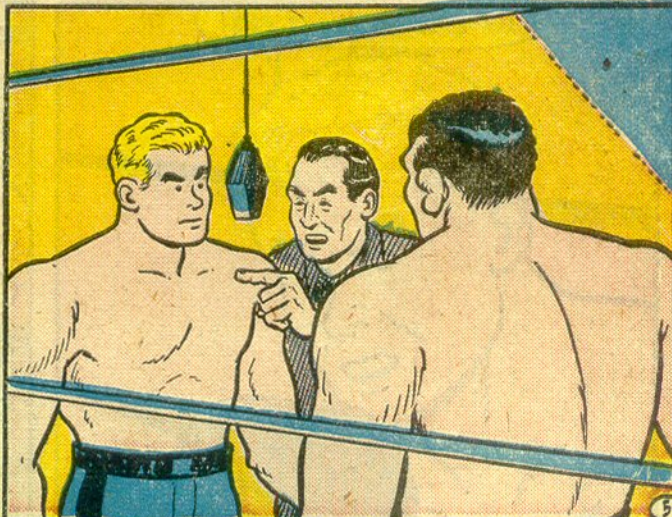
NO, KID, BUT I WANT YOU TO TRY FOR A QUICK K.O. TONIGHT! I THINK YOU CAN DO IT—BUT DON'T LEAVE YOURSELF OPEN! THIS GUY CAN REALLY HIT!



AND IN THE QUAKER EXPRESS DRESSING ROOM...

HE WOULDN'T LISTEN T'REASON, QUAKER—SO YOU KNOW WHAT T' DO!

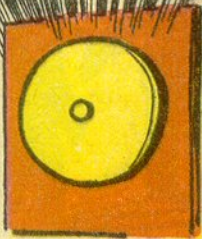
AND HOW I DO, BOSS—IT'LL BE MOIDER!!



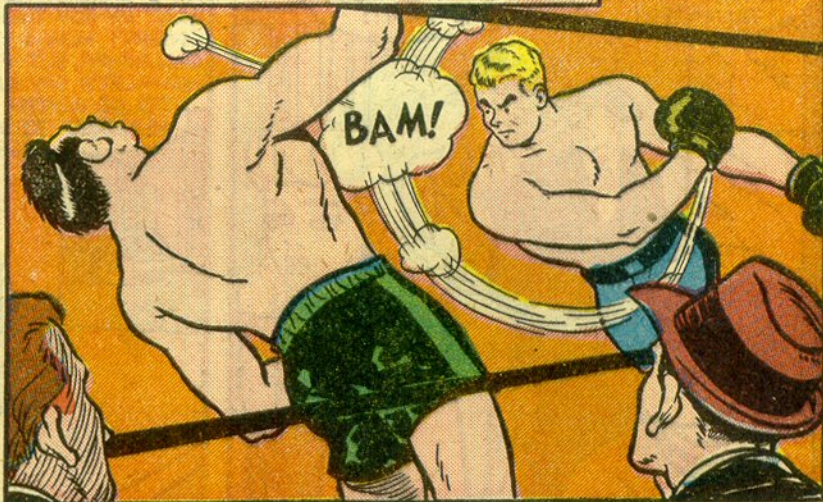
ZERO HOUR—BOTH MEN ARE IN THE CENTER OF THE RING RECEIVING THEIR INSTRUCTIONS FROM THE REFEREE.

THERE IT IS—THE BELL
FOR THE FIRST ROUND!

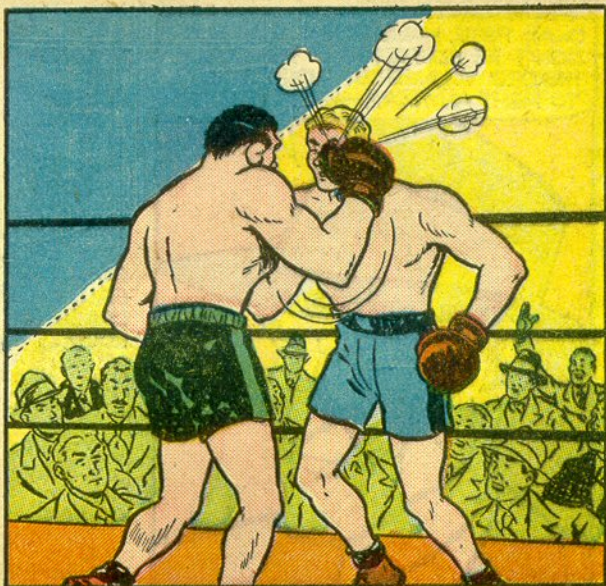
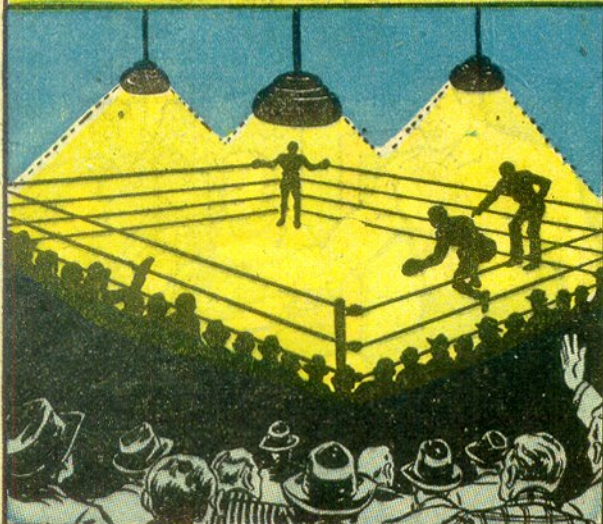
CLANG!



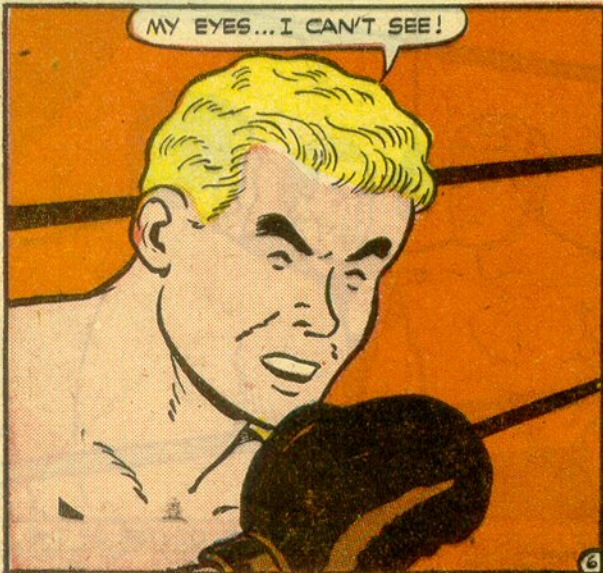
GALLAGHER RUSHES TO THE OFFENSIVE WITH A SERIES OF RIGHTS AND
LEFTS THAT SHAKES THE QUAKER EXPRESS—A HARD RIGHT TO THE JAW
BY GO-ALONG AND THE "QUAKER" IS GOING DOWN!



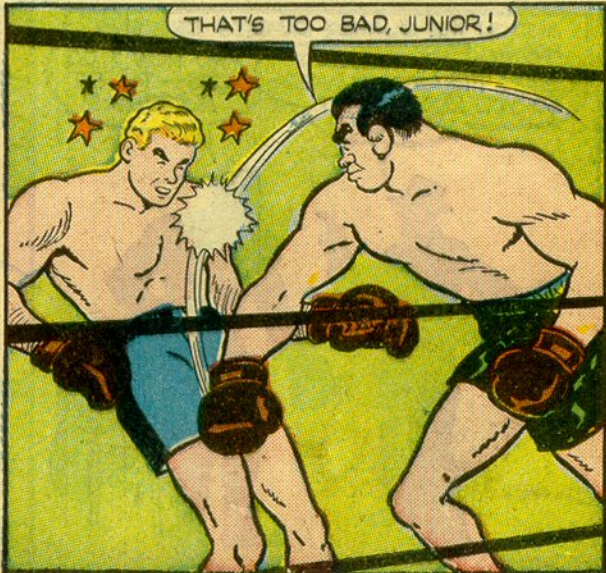
THE QUAKER EXPRESS IS TAKING THE COUNT—
FOUR...FIVE...HE'S GETTING UP!



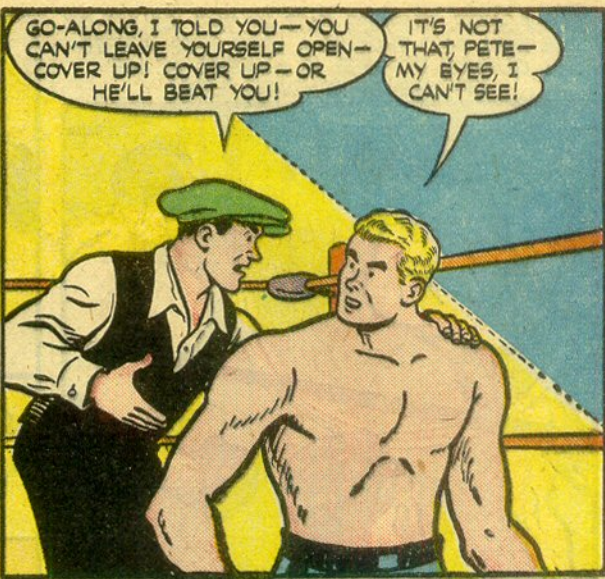
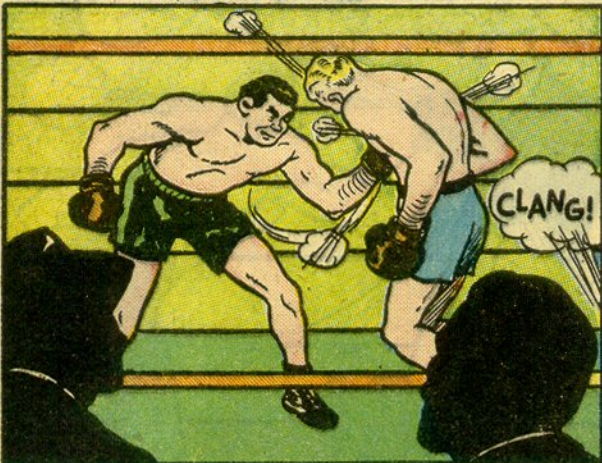
MY EYES... I CAN'T SEE!



THAT'S TOO BAD, JUNIOR!



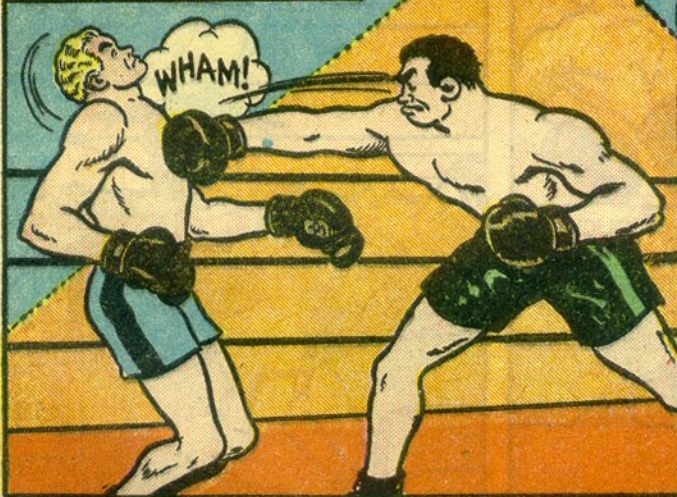
NOW IT'S GO-ALONG GALLAGHER ON THE RECEIVING END—AND HE'S TAKING PLENTY! THERE'S A TERRIFIC RIGHT TO THE BODY BY THE QUAKER EXPRESS...AND ANOTHER RIGHT...AND A HARD LEFT TO GALLAGHER'S BODY AS THE BELL RINGS, ENDING THE FIRST ROUND!



GO-ALONG, I TOLD YOU—YOU CAN'T LEAVE YOURSELF OPEN—COVER UP! COVER UP—OR HE'LL BEAT YOU!

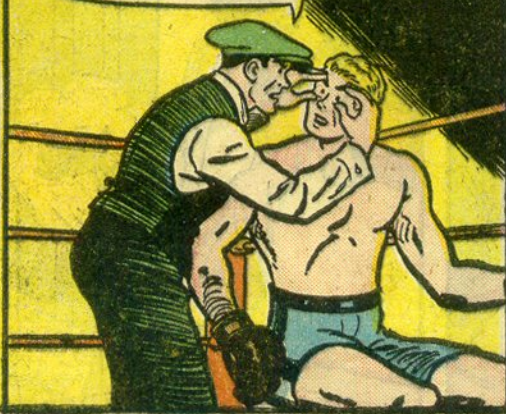
IT'S NOT THAT, PETE—MY EYES, I CAN'T SEE!

WE'RE IN THE FIFTH ROUND NOW—AND GO-ALONG IS TAKING A MERCILESS POUNDING! HE SEEMS UNABLE TO TOUCH THE QUAKER EXPRESS!

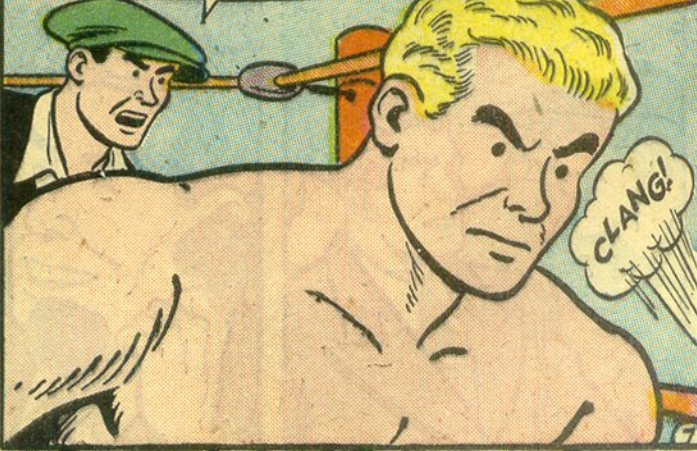


GO-ALONG IS STAGGERING NOW...BUT THE 'QUAKER' IS RELENTLESS—THERE'S THE BELL!

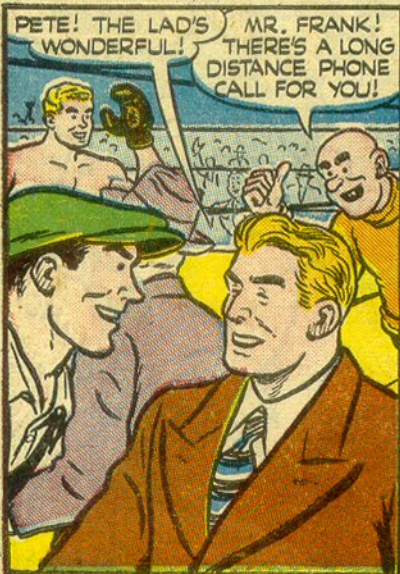
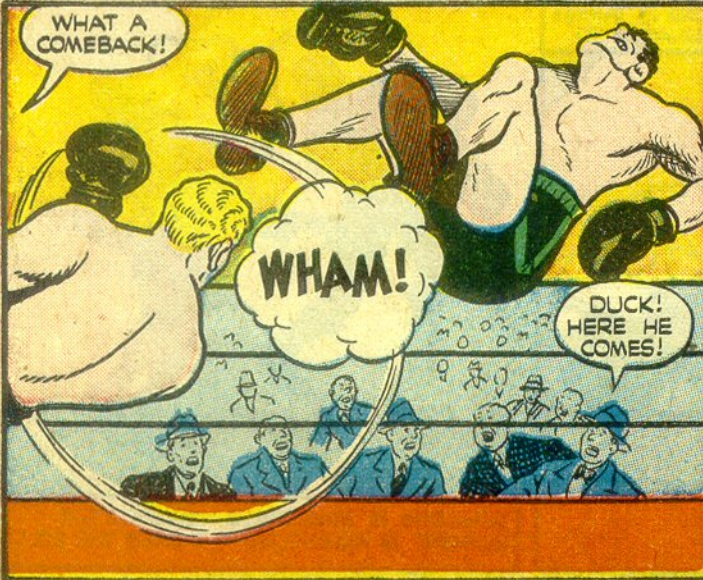
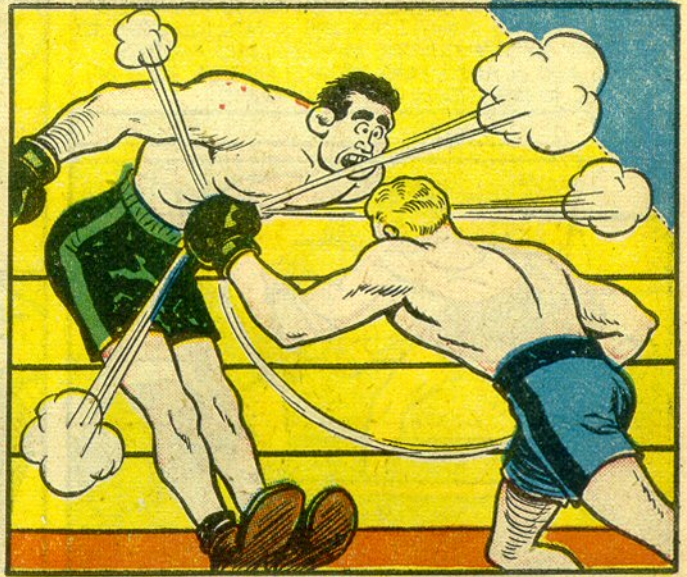
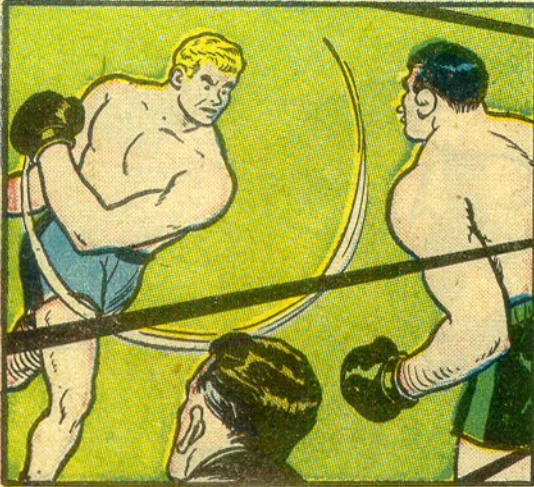
YOUR EYES LOOK O.K. NOW, KID! I KNOW WHAT THAT RAT DID! WHEN HE WENT DOWN IN THE FIRST ROUND HE SMEARED HIS GLOVE IN THE RESIN ON THE CANVAS—AND STUCK IT IN YOUR EYES!

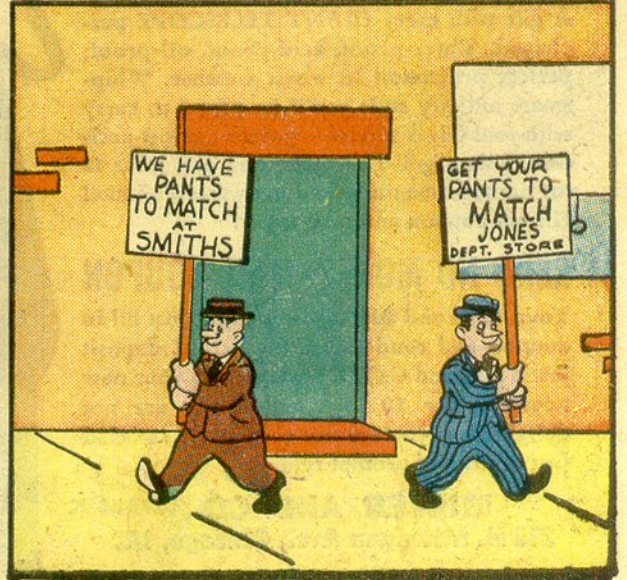
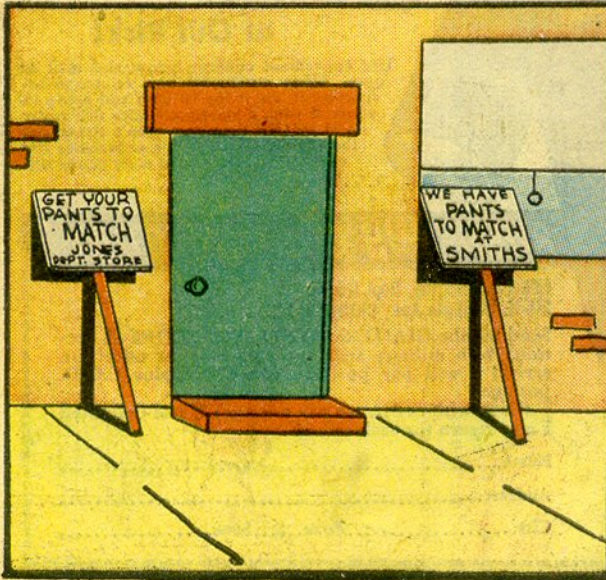
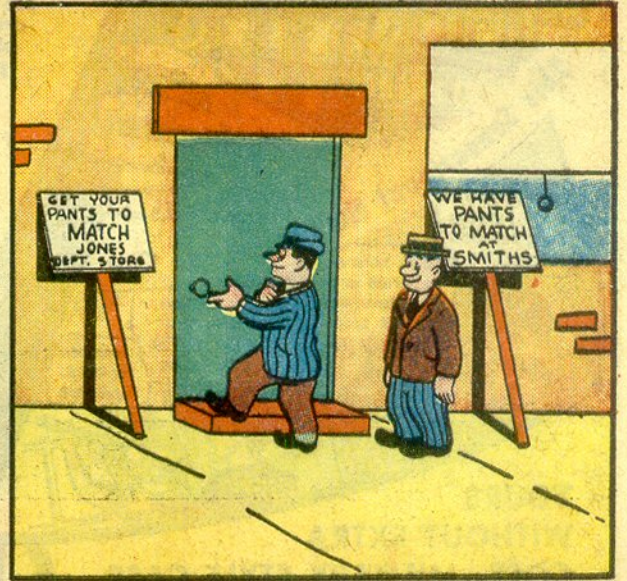
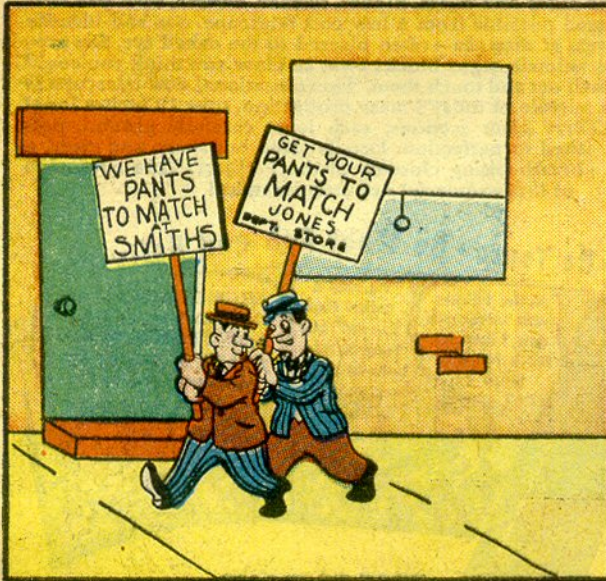
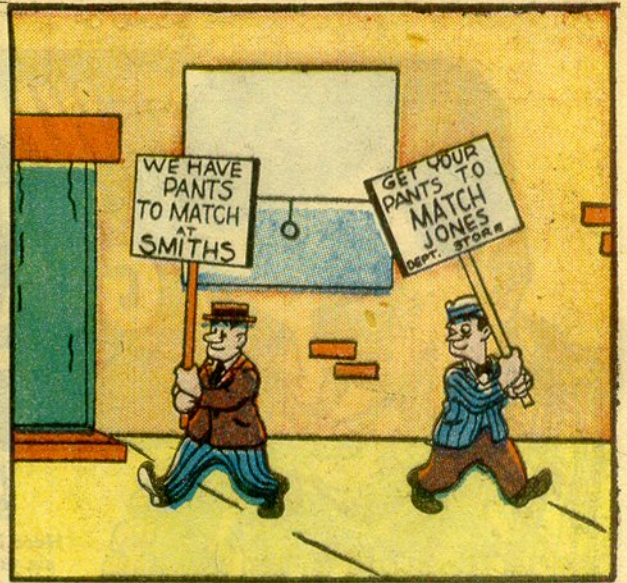


YOUR BLINKERS ARE O.K. NOW, GO ALONG! I WASHED 'EM OUT WITH BORIC ACID! THIS IS THE LAST ROUND—AND SO FAR YOU'VE LOST ON POINTS! GIVE HIM THE TEN COUNT, KID!



GALLAGHER RUSHES OUT AT THE SOUND OF THE BELL AND THROWS A LEFT THAT MISSES—THE QUAKER EXPRESS IS AMAZED AT HIS OPPONENTS RENEWED "LIFE."





WHILE THEY LAST

Amazing New Quick Sight

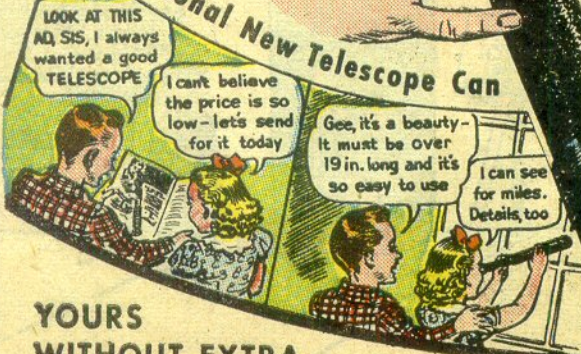
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215 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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at Our Risk!

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Miller & Company, Dept. 116-K
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Send me the GIANT 6 POWER TELESCOPE (3 section) with military style carrying case, at once! On arrival I will pay postman just \$1.64 plus C.O.D. postage.

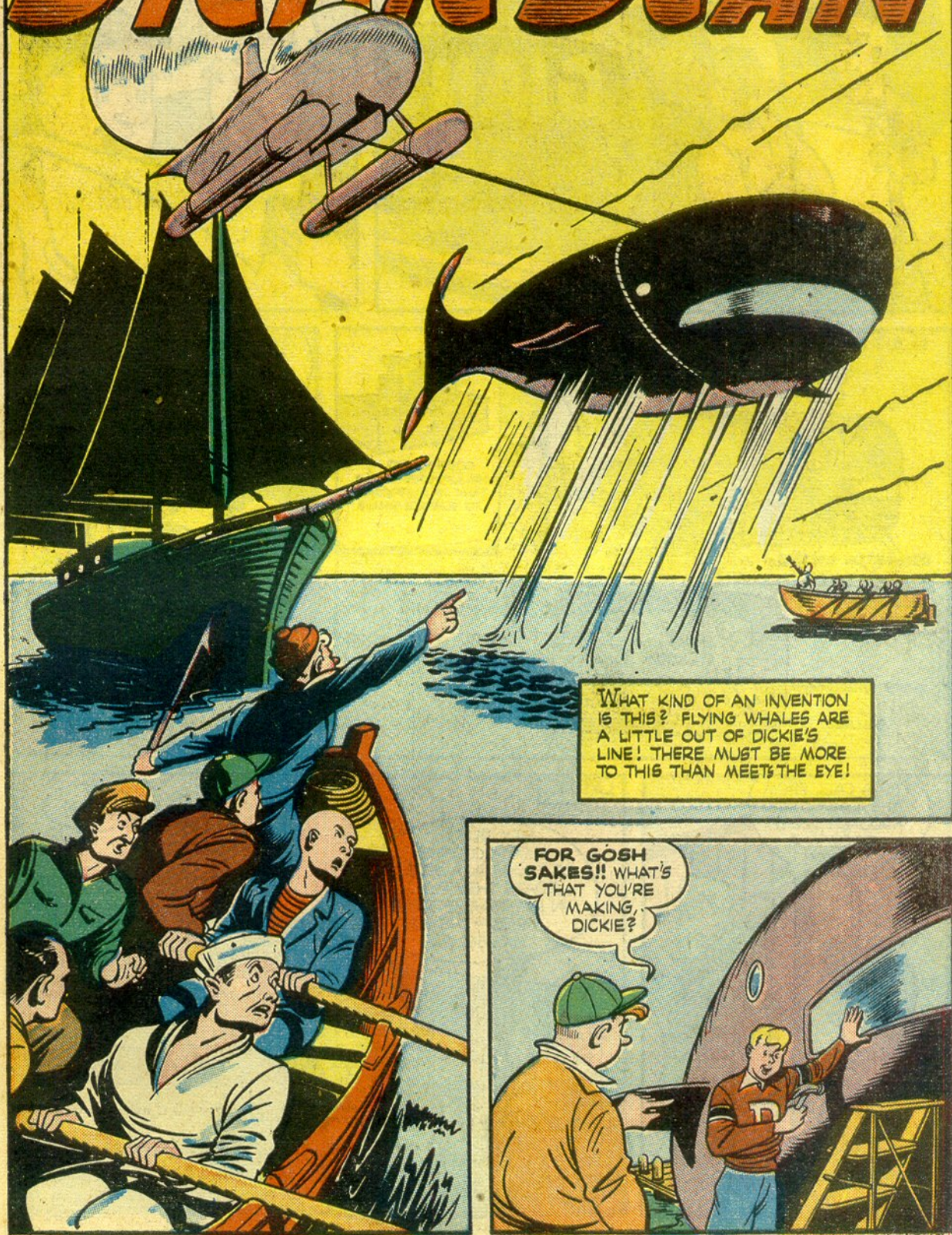
(Cash with order, we pay postage) If not delighted I may return for cash refund.

Name.....

Address.....

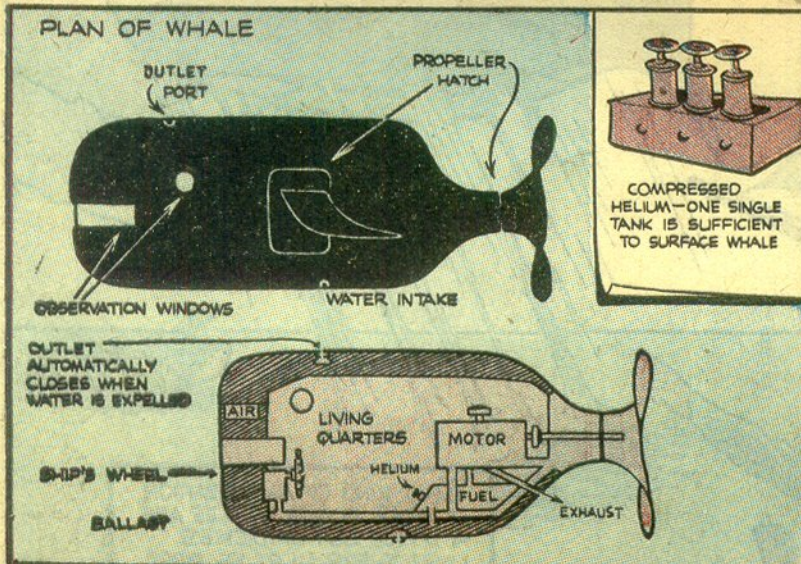
City.....Zone.....State.....

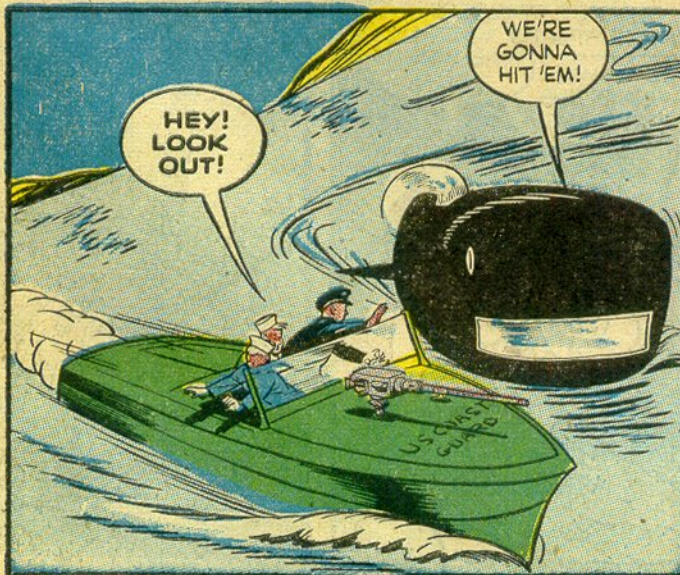
DICKIE DEAN

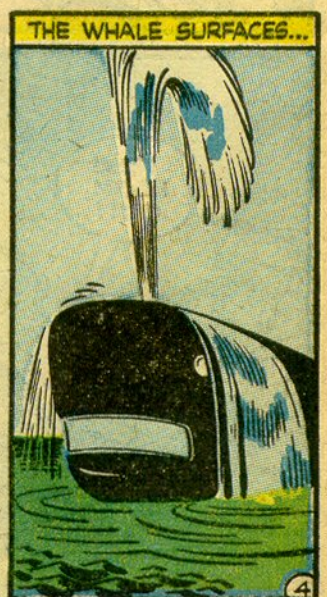
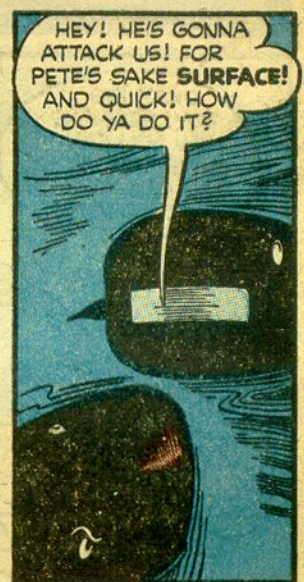
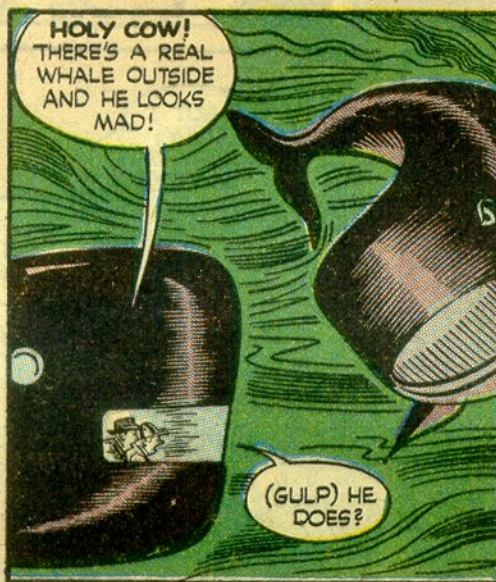
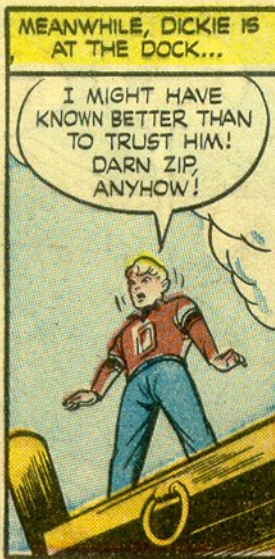


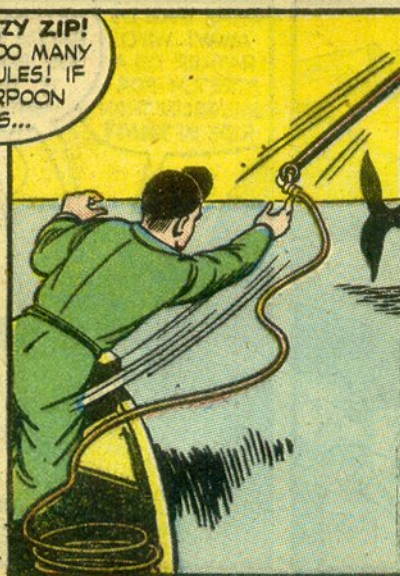
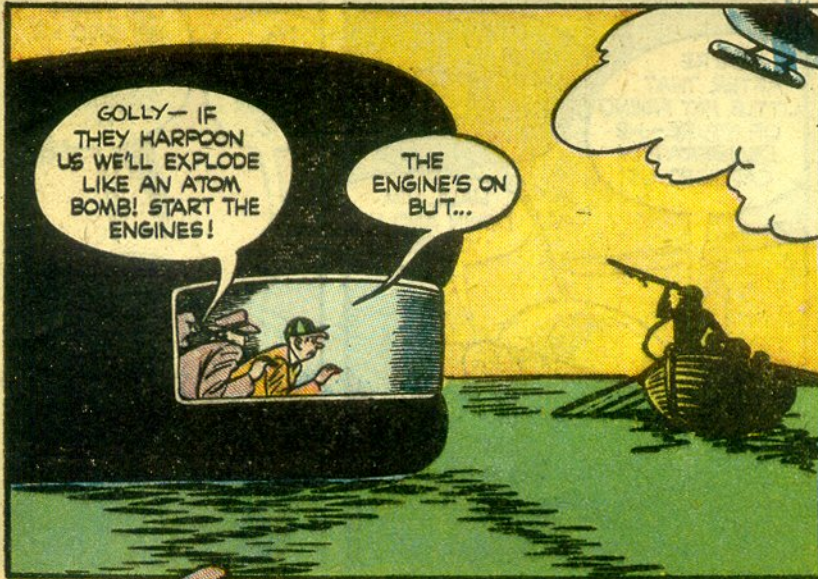
WHAT KIND OF AN INVENTION IS THIS? FLYING WHALES ARE A LITTLE OUT OF DICKIE'S LINE! THERE MUST BE MORE TO THIS THAN MEETS THE EYE!

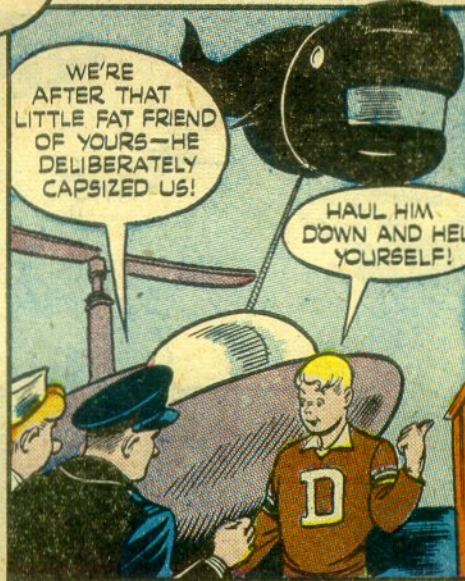
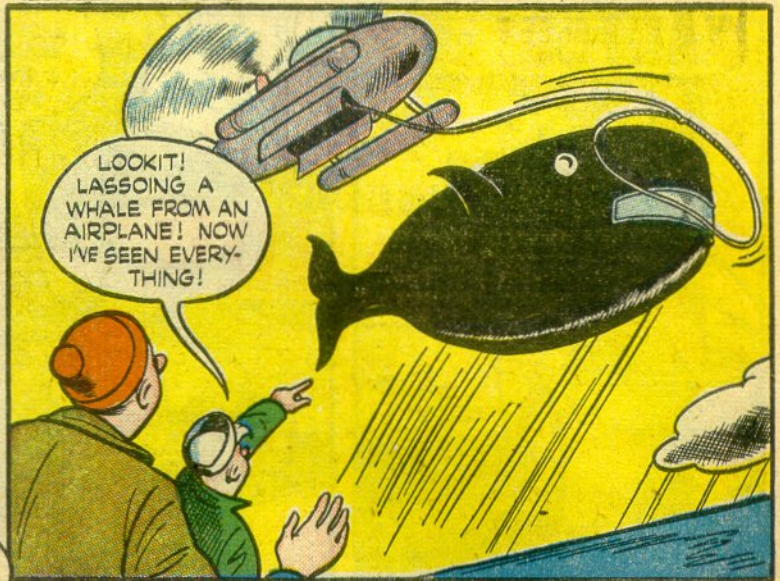
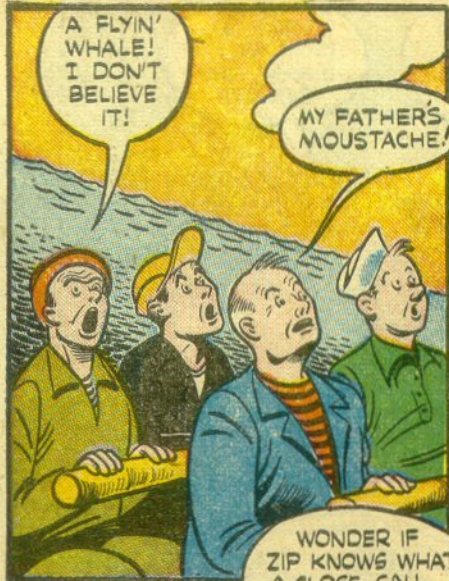
FOR GOSH SAKES!! WHAT'S THAT YOU'RE MAKING, DICKIE?











WANTED! Skinny Weaklings to become HE-MEN!

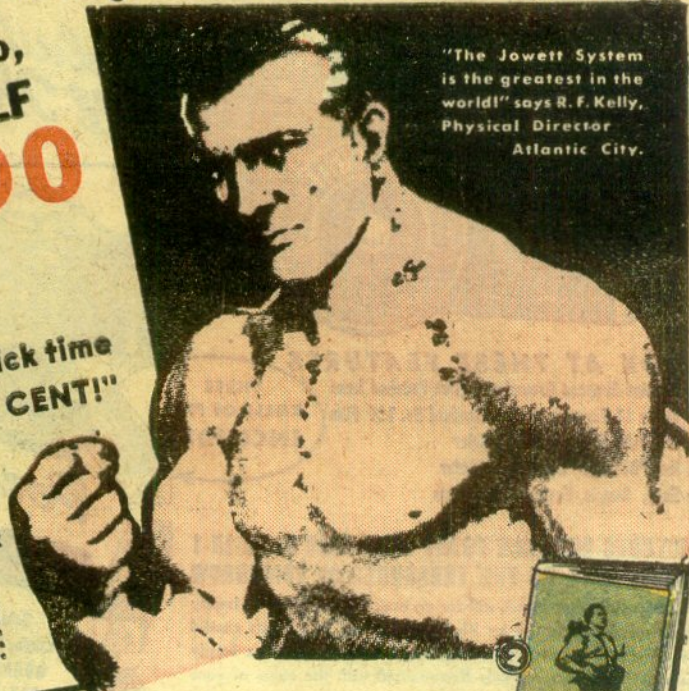
"Let me show **YOU** too,
HOW TO MAKE **YOURSELF**
COMMANDO
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inside and out... in double quick time
—OR IT WON'T COST YOU A CENT!"

says *George F. Jowett*

whom experts call the
WORLD'S GREATEST BODY BUILDER

Thousands of Jowett pupils are in the U. S. and British forces, knocking Japs and Nazis sleep-happy with their swift powerful bodies. Let me prove to YOU how in double quick time I can put inches of dynamic muscles on your arms! Add inches to your chest! Broaden your shoulders! And power-pack the rest of your body—in quickly it will amaze you! My methods can give you the untiring endurance of a panther. I have done it for thousands the world over. Give me a fighting chance to do it for you.



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Give me 10 Minutes a Day Learn My Time Tested Secrets of Strength

I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned to die at 15, to the holder of more strength records than any other living athlete or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven its ability to build the strongest, handsomest men in the world. And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis—that no matter how flabby or puny you are I can do the same for you right in your own home. Through my proven secrets I bring to life new power in you inside and out, until YOU are fully satisfied you are the man you want to be. **MY TIME TESTED METHODS RE-BUILD YOU**

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FREE!



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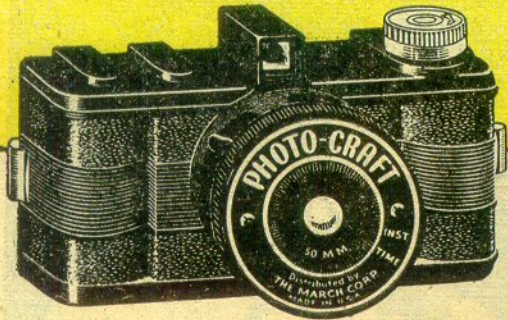
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Includes All This!

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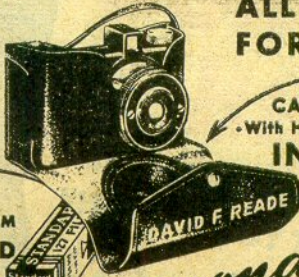
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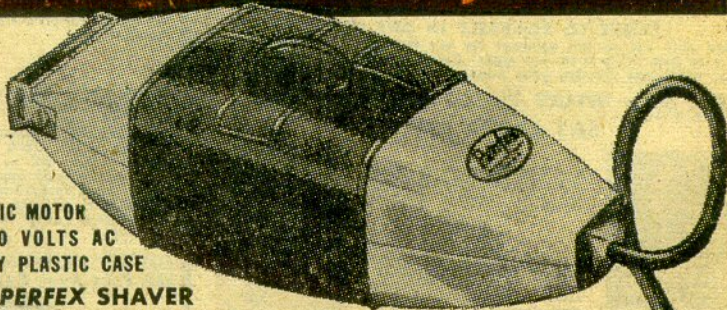
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a gift He Will Truly Appreciate

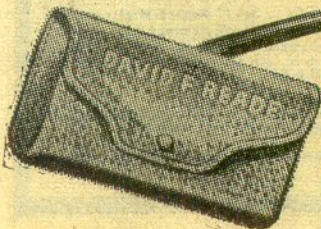


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ALL 3 PIECES
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Plus 40c
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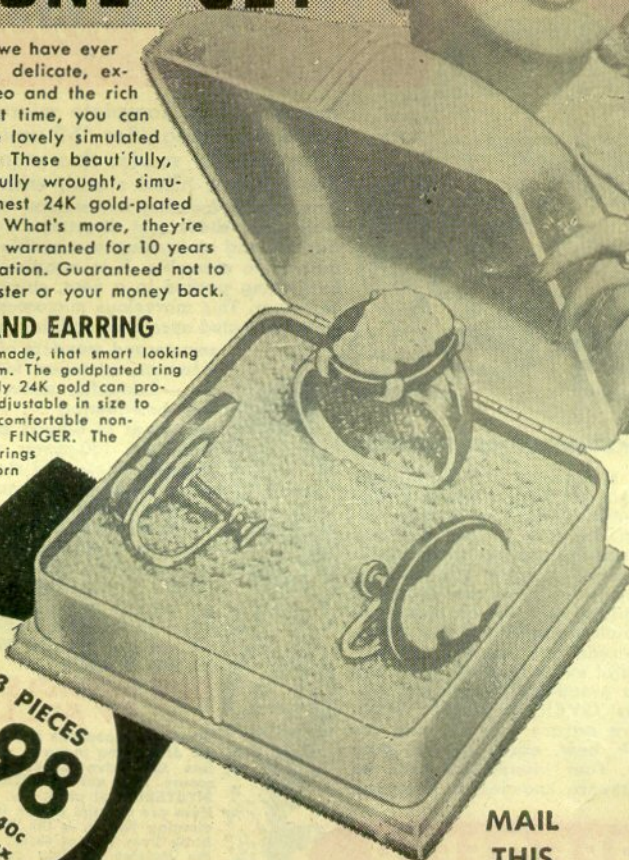
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You need not risk a cent. Send no money just the coupon indicating your color choice. When the postman delivers your set pay him only \$1.98 plus postage and 20% Federal Tax. You can select your birthstone color, or any other color you prefer. If you want two different sets to wear with different outfits, you can have two for only \$3.50 plus 20% Federal Tax. The demand for this wonderful jewelry makes it impossible for us to guarantee a definite supply. You must act now—send the coupon today.

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Send C.O.D. I'll pay postman \$1.98 plus postage and 20% Federal Tax on delivery.

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